





## SUMMER DAYS

are out-door days, and an effectual, pure soap is more than ever needed by holiday makers or home-stayers.

# HAND SAPOLIO

is equally necessary at seashore or mountains. Take it along—'twill quickly remove play stains and make the vacation-child presentable. Grass stains and the "smear" of the fishing and clamming vanish before it.

**Its cost is a trifle—Its use a fine habit  
SHOULD BE ON EVERY WASHSTAND**

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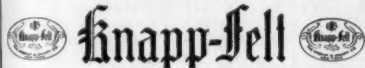
C & K

## HATS for MEN



One of the many smart shapes in which Knapp-Felts are made

The Cambridge Mixed Derby is an exclusive Knapp-Felt shade of pearl.



hats are for the discriminating—those for whom the best is none too good. Knapp-Felt De Luxe \$6. Knapp-Felt \$4. Hatters sell them.

Write for The Hatman

**THE CROFUT & KNAPP CO.**  
842 Broadway, New York

### Special Mid-Summer Offer

To put you in touch with our new plan. Every one needs a good typewriter—every one wants to receive good looking letters. Few can afford the high priced machines—But

**The American \$50 Typewriter**

is full \$100 value at one-half price. Turns out the same work, but is less complicated. Has universal keyboard.

Write today for our special midsummer offer and a copy of "The American Way."

American Typewriter Co., Inc. 1893, 270 Broadway, N.Y.

# Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

P. F. Collier & Son, Publishers, New York, 416-424 West Thirteenth Street; London, 10 Norfolk Street, Strand, W. C.; and the International News Company, 5 Breams Buildings, Chancery Lane, E. C.; Toronto, Yonge Street Arcade. Copyright 1906 by P. F. Collier & Son. Entered as second-class matter February 16, 1905, at the Post-Office at New York, New York, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

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## FACT and FICTION

COSMOPOLITAN for August is the issue of FACT and FICTION. Every article, story, and poem is entertaining; some are instructive as well, and some just fascinating.

### Story of Andrew Jackson

By Alfred Henry Lewis

This is an historical novel that is true—every word of it. Andrew Jackson—who does not know him as one of the greatest of Presidents, but who knows him as a lover and incidentally a duelist? When you know his private life as intimately as Mr. Lewis tells of it, you will know one of the most romantic characters in history.

### The Treason of the Senate

By David Graham Phillips

Senator Elkins, of West Virginia, one of the powerful lieutenants of the "merger," and Senator Knox, of Pennsylvania, whose record is one of devotion to the men who exploit the American people,—both are scourged in the August issue with facts about their deeds that patriotic citizens will read with horror and surprise. This instalment of "The Treason of the Senate" shows Elkins' connection with the infamous crime of "rebating," and how Knox betrayed Roosevelt after the President had retained him as Attorney General.

### Cause of the Great Earthquake

By David Starr Jordan

Much has been written about what the earthquake did, but practically nothing has been said about the cause which underlay the whole calamity. Mr. Jordan, a scientific investigator, well qualified to write on this subject, shows how and why the terrible force locked in the bowels of the earth, wrought this frightful destruction of the "Queen City of the West"—and, indeed, the whole Pacific Coast. This article is written in a popular style. Everyone will be the wiser after having read it.

No magazine to-day presents to its readers such a fine galaxy of authors as David Graham Phillips, Jack London, W. W. Jacobs, Henry D. Thoreau, David Starr Jordan, H. G. Wells, Alfred Henry Lewis, Bruno Lessing, Ernest Crosby, Norman Duncan, Edwin Markham, Octave Uzanne, and many others. All have written for the

### Cast Away on Feather's Folly

By Norman Duncan

Everyone who loves the adventure of the sea admires Norman Duncan's strong, virile stories, and this one is in his best style. The story runs breathlessly to the end, and the reader himself will scarcely breathe until he has finished it.

### Ingratitude of Mr. Rosenfeld

By Bruno Lessing

Lessing is the one humorist who is able to present to magazine readers the ordinarily sombre life of the New York east side Ghetto in garb of lighter hue. Lessing's characters are inimitable and, moreover, true; they have all the strength and reality of a master-story-teller and observer of human nature.

### Angels' Visits

By W. W. Jacobs

Everyone who has read Jacobs' short stories, which have been published from time to time in the COSMOPOLITAN, says that this wonderful English humorist suggests Dickens. He has all of Dickens' best manner of word caricature, with all the fidelity to nature that made that great novelist the greatest. "Angels' Visits" will certainly teach the laughless how to laugh.

### A Honeymoon in a Canoe—

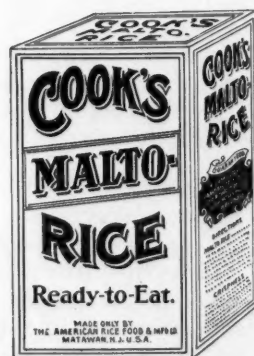
Extracts from a Bride's Log Book

By Winifred Fales

Those who would like a delicious little tid-bit of literature written almost in a whisper of words, ought to read "A Honeymoon in a Canoe." It makes dainty, entertaining reading, and might, perhaps, suggest to prospective brides and bridegrooms a delightful way to avoid the crowd on the momentous "trip," and of obtaining quiet and time for "honeymooning."

## MALTO-RICE FOR BREAKFAST

**The Breakfast Food**  
**With a Real Taste**



**GOOD ON HOT MORNINGS**

So delicious that you will  
want it for luncheon also

Good with cool milk

Better with cream

Ask Your Grocer To-day for a Package of

**COOK'S MALTO-RICE, 15 CENTS**

# A PUBLIC DUTY AND ITS PERFORMANCE

If you personally owned the entire equipment and personally controlled the entire organization of the American Cigar Company—

And if you used this equipment and knowledge to produce cigars exclusively for your own smoking—

You could make no better cigars nor make them more carefully than we are now making them for you.

We believe that the possession of the largest equipment, organization, resources and business ever known in the cigar industry, binds us to a public duty to give the public the best cigars possible to make. Furthermore,

## It is Good Business Policy

We are good enough judges of human nature to appreciate the fact that meritorious service is the best and most permanent foundation for commercial success. If we give better cigars at lower cost than can be given by any other manufacturer, we shall secure, by perfectly logical and common-sense methods, what is virtually a franchise from the public to supply it with its cigars.

A franchise based upon public preference is stronger and more enduring than any that can be secured by legislative enactment, and it is this sort of franchise, obtained in this way, that we desire.

## Gaining Success by Deserving It

Cigar smokers know what they want. Taste is constantly improving, demanding better goods all the time. There is no way of forcing people to purchase any brand of cigar which does not appeal to them on its own merits.

From the beginning we have devoted the entire force of this organization and equipment to the problem of improving cigar quality and lowering cigar cost.

## An "All-Around" Production

The products of our various factories include every variety of cigars—from the little cigar such as the "Royal Bengals" to the highest type of "Seed and Havana."

An important advantage in this comprehensiveness of output lies in the power it gives us to grade our tobacco very accurately. This assures unvarying uni-

formity—a feature much appreciated by the discriminating smoker.

The tremendous improvement in quality, due to our new and exclusive processes of curing, blending and ripening American grown leaf, extends through our entire line. These processes are performed in our own gigantic "stemmeries." They have superseded the old, crude haphazard methods which have been followed with blind devotion since the days of Sir Walter Raleigh. These scientific processes have improved the domestic cigar at least 100 per cent, giving a "mellowness," mildness, freedom from bitterness and a developed fragrance to our 5c. cigars, for example, which were by no means common even in the 10c. cigar a few years ago.

## An Unbroken Line of Successes

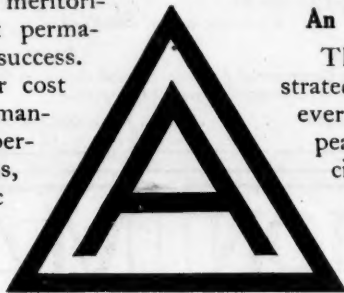
This improvement has been demonstrated to the smoking public with ever increasing emphasis by the appearance of brand after brand of cigars selling at 5c. possessing a superiority which has made them instantly popular and permanently successful. These are of different brand-names and different characteristics, but are all marked with our "A" (Triangle A) merit-mark and possess the fundamental qualities of fragrance and "ripeness" for which the "A" (Triangle A) stands unerringly.

This "A" merit-mark appears on the front of every box containing such cigars, and may be accepted implicitly as a guarantee of mellowness, "smoothness," quality, fragrance and uniformity of character.

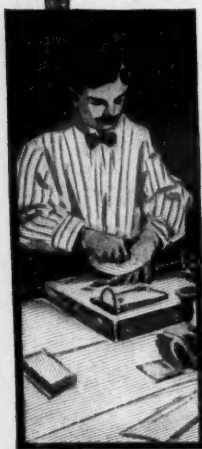
Among the "Triangle A" brands each smoker is sure to find the cigar he wants. The list is so long that only a few of the more prominent can be mentioned here:

The New Cremo (Victorias), Anna Held, George W. Childs (Cabinets), Buck, Spanflora, Tarita, Stickney's New Tariff, Cubanola. The Continental, Chancellor, Caswell Club. The Unico, Benefactor, Cap't Marryat, Roxboro, General Braddock, Orlando. And the Palma De Cuba, Isle of Pines.

"Triangle A" brands offer the widest obtaining range of choice and absolutely dependable quality in whatever brand suits your taste.



The "Triangle A" Merit Mark stands for Honest Cigar Values



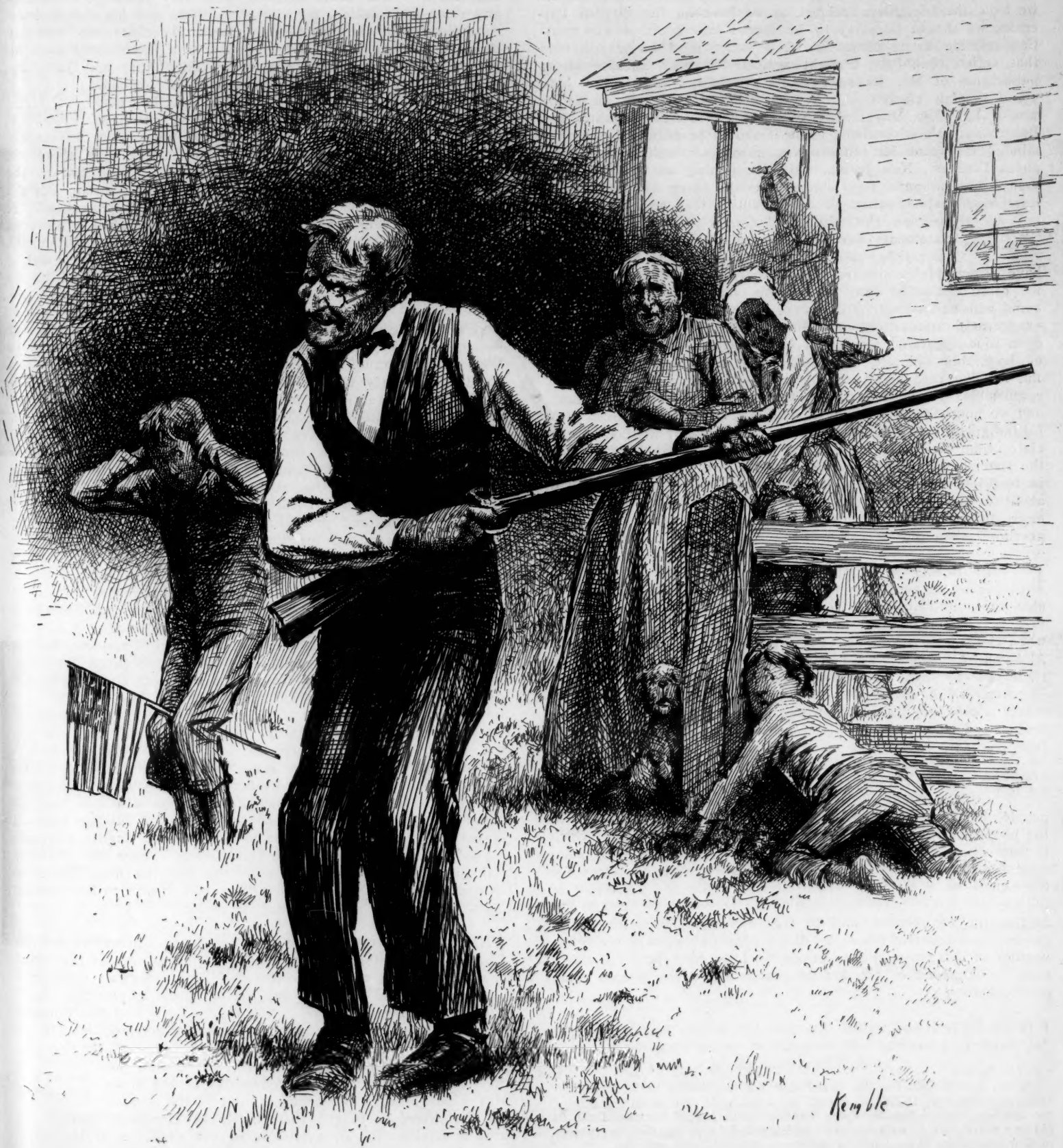
AMERICAN CIGAR COMPANY, Manufacturer





# Collier's

## THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



A NATIONAL SALUTE

"NOW, PA, DO BE CAREFUL!"

DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE



**A** LIBEL SUIT AGAINST US, by the city of Paterson, New Jersey, would be a regrettable method of testing a difference of opinion. When in controversy with somebody we deem dangerous and evil, we have small objection to appearing as defendants in any kind of libel suits, but when we have the friendliest feelings, as we have for the city of Paterson, we should be sorry to be forced into court on any question relating to its character. The Board of Aldermen directed that action should be brought against COLIER'S because of its publication of Mr. BRANDENBURG'S article in the issue of June 23, if the law officials of the city believed that such an action would lie. The Mayor sent us a letter protesting against Mr. BRANDENBURG'S allegations. Now it should be noticed by all fair-minded men that Mr. BRANDENBURG was not writing an article about Paterson, New Jersey. He was writing an article on Anarchy, and he gave facts about Paterson, along with facts much less pleasing about other places. Granting that he was right, we presume the city of Paterson will realize that his statements were an essential and necessary part of his article. We have published much of his work and have always found him trustworthy and exact. With his opinions we often decidedly disagree, as any reader of our editorial columns will understand. Our pages are open to what we think exaggerated attacks on Socialism, for instance, just as they are open to exaggerated articles in favor of Socialism. Every shade of honorable opinion finds expression among our contributions. But for due care about the facts published, we are, of course, responsible. However, we don't take this libel suit very seriously, and we hope Paterson doesn't. Paterson's people have just cause for indignation against the proneness of newspaper writers to associate crime with their city. Oddly enough, the real Paterson is the last city for such a tradition; and it is a genuine pleasure to us to print the article on another page which details the truth about a much-maligned city. As our writer says: Paterson is more distinguished by "crimson rambler roses and wistaria-hung porches" than by sensational crime.

PATERSON  
VS. COLLIER'S

**I**N THE BOLD ATTEMPT now being made by the American people to be actually represented by their representatives, no change is more noticeable than the drift toward popular designation of Senators. The constitutional method is easily annulled when the people will it so. In Virginia, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Louisiana, Florida, Illinois, Tennessee, and Arkansas there are now legal provisions by which the people dictate to the Legislatures who shall be chosen Senators. In several other States a tendency is visible toward the same process. In Maryland the demand for popular election is marked. Oregon has just held an election in which this power was used by the people instead of by the Legislature. In Rhode Island Colonel GODDARD, nominated by Democrats and Independent Republicans, is appealing directly to the people, but that State has no arrangement by which the will of the people will necessarily become effective. In New Jersey, which is now most emphatically awake, GEORGE L. RECORD, who managed EVERETT COLBY'S now famous campaign, is a candidate for the Senate on a platform which declares "for the overthrow of the control of the party organization by corporations through the medium of the bosses, and to that end the nomination of all candidates for public offices by direct primaries without the intervention of delegates or conventions." Thus New Jersey is likely soon to be added to the list of States where the people name their Senators.

THE PEOPLE  
RAMPANT

**U**P IN NEW HAMPSHIRE WINSTON CHURCHILL has just thrown down the gauntlet to the monarchical rule of corporations, thus:

"To the Public:

"I am a candidate for the Republican nomination for State Senator in District Number 7. If elected, I shall go unpledged, save to do my utmost for the legitimate interests of the district. And I shall do what I can to aid any movement or pass any laws which will help to put the government of New Hampshire in the hands of the people, where it belongs.

(Signed) WINSTON CHURCHILL."

The Boston and Maine Railroad needs no mention. A Democratic paper, the New Hampshire "Argus and Spectator," praises the letter, although Mr. CHURCHILL is a Republican, and says that if he lives up to the pledge he is a fitting person to serve the

people. Another Democratic paper, the Concord "Patriot," gives its whole editorial page to Mr. CHURCHILL'S new novel, "Coniston," of which "The Patriot" says that it contains "a sound political lesson that every citizen of every American State may well heed." The novel outlines, with very thorough knowledge and clear presentation, the rise of the boss and his conquest and subordination by the corporation. One of the characters "saw that the man who controlled the highways of a State could snap his fingers at Governor and Council and Legislature and Judiciary; could, indeed, do more"—could own those officials, namely, more completely even than the boss had been able to, and without effort, by the easy power of money. The boss, moreover, at least was human, but, as another character foretells, "if the railroads win in this fight, there will be no mercy for the people of that State." The head of the railway has "very little heart or soul or mercy himself; but the corporation which he means to set up will have none at all. It will grind the people and debase them and clog their progress a thousand times more" than the boss ever did. Mr. CHURCHILL has served faithfully in the New Hampshire Legislature, and if there were no Boston and Maine Railroad there would be no doubt about his election to the New Hampshire Senate.

ANOTHER  
SYMPTOM

**D**EVELOPMENT OF THE SOUTH is destined to mark an epoch in the history of America. The natural resources of Virginia, for example, are hardly surpassed in any part of the country, and they have thus far been scarcely touched. Economic development is the most likely method of solving many of the difficulties which have harassed the South since the Civil War. A gathering, in a Southern city, of myriads of people from all over this country and the world will presumably have a decidedly beneficial effect from the practical point of view. It is said that the Exposition idea is overworked. Perhaps it is, when size is too much insisted on. Historic celebrations, however, conducted with moderation, and presenting only what is fine and valuable, ought to be frequent, for the imaginative and reflective side of life is hardly likely to play too great a part in an industrial democracy. The exposition on the borders of Hampton Roads in 1907 commemorates the first permanent settlement of English-speaking people in America. By no event JAMESTOWN could wider historic vistas be opened to the imaginative memory. The little colony, headed by JOHN SMITH, resulting from the long-lasting dream of Sir WALTER RALEIGH, has played a mighty rôle in the world's unfolding story. "Here," said a Governor of Virginia, "the white man first met the red, for settlement and civilization. Here the white man first wielded the ax to cut the first tree for the first log cabin. Here the first log cabin was built for the first village. Here the first village rose to be the first state capital. Here was the first capital of our empire of States—here was the very foundation of a nation of freemen, which has stretched its dominion and its millions across the continent, to the shores of another ocean." At Jamestown, for the first time in America, an English marriage was solemnized, and an English child born. There also the first trial by jury in this country was held, and the first legislative body convened. "I shall yet live," wrote RALEIGH to Sir ROBERT CECIL in 1602, "to see it an English nation."

**T**HE PRIMARY OBJECT of the Jamestown celebration will be to impress history upon the visitor. The periods of the country's development will be portrayed. The Jamestown settlement will be reproduced as nearly like the old place as possible. With it will be an Indian village of the time. Early and late Colonial styles will be exemplified. Post-revolutionary communities will be shown. The chain which starts with Jamestown will be brought, link by link, down to the present. In the harbor will ride at anchor exact reproductions of the three ships which brought the colonists, and as the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac* fought their battle at Hampton Roads, the cause is obvious for an exhibition of the evolution of the ship, from the Argonauts, Phœnicians, Greeks, Romans, and CLEOPATRA, from the Vikings and the Norsemen, down to our day. "This," said WOODROW WILSON, "should in my opinion be the most distinguished celebration of the kind that America has held." No exposition, certainly, could have an occasion more deserving of a nation's thought.

WORTH THE  
CELEBRATION





**C**ONGRESS DID WELL BY NIAGARA. The preservation of that waterfall appealed to many so much that the pressure on Congress to act was very strong, and the bill which it passed seems likely to accomplish its purpose. It treats the Niagara River as a navigable stream, and the New York State franchises therefore as invalid, as navigable boundary streams are exclusively under Federal control. Whatever the present power companies are permitted to do is only at the Government's will, and the total withdrawal is limited to an amount intended to keep the deterioration from proceeding further. The life of the bill, and of permits under it, is three years. By the end of that time it is expected that there will be a permanent treaty with Canada for the preservation of the Falls—a step toward the accomplishment of which the President is directed to begin negotiations. Mr. ROOSEVELT is genuinely interested in saving the Falls and will now proceed promptly. Canada, we are sure, will make an enlightened and generous response.

A GOOD  
THING DONE

**P**ENNSYLVANIA HAS PLENTY of things going on in public life, these recent times. Some of the old jibes about the peacefulness of Philadelphia will soon lose their currency, and the rest of the State holds up its end. No sooner had we begun to forget temporarily the controversy over the Quay statue at Philadelphia than we are put into eruption by the bronze doors at Harrisburg. These doors, to cost \$60,000, were ordered from an architect who, for reasons to be guessed, decided that his most laudable course would be to decorate them with portraits of such statesmen as ISRAEL W. DURHAM, Governor PENNYPACKER, and the late lamented QUAY. They are to stand at the main entrance to the State Capitol, a fit place enough, no doubt, if the Quay régime is an ideal to be forever held in honor. Residents of Pennsylvania have an opportunity to bestir themselves just now in two directions to lay the restless ghost of QUAY; and they seem to have a fair chance of success both in Harrisburg and in Philadelphia.

THE GHOST  
OF QUAY

**T**HE GOVERNOR OF MISSOURI works himself more securely into the confidence of thinking people with every step he takes. The hostility of the professional politicians of his own State is not a drawback but a tribute. When, some weeks ago, a county convention at the State capital refrained from endorsing his administration, which would have followed custom, the politicians failed to injure the Governor and only revealed themselves. When, instead, these gentlemen passed a resolution approving "the record and respective administrations of the Democratic Party from 1873 to 1906 inclusive," they rendered themselves incredibly ridiculous. To Governor FOLK is it due in large part that we know how ridiculous such an allegation is. His head is clear, his courage is good, and nothing so far has checked his sure-footed progress along the line marked out for him by a sane mind and honest heart. The punishment of those six boodlers who went to prison gave him no satisfaction because the individuals suffered. He thought some of them less guilty than others who could not be caught, and some of the six have the friendliest feelings for him now. It was the protection of the public that he had in mind then, and has had in every step that he has taken since. His record as Governor has had none of the sensational interest that he aroused as Circuit Attorney, but it has brought out not only the same qualities, but the ability to deal wisely with new problems as they arise. It is no wonder, then, that the politicians of his State dislike him as much as they ever did, and always will.

FOLK

**G**ROOMING UNCLE JOE for a possible Presidential nominee in 1908 shows that the Republican leaders look upon him as belonging to the same safe class as Mr. FAIRBANKS—which he does. Speaker CANNON belongs to a popular type in manner of expression, but his care is for various business interests, and he has more confidence in old-school political methods and ways of thought than he has in the new wave of straightforward moral principle that is gaining strength with every passing month. His action on the Pure Food bill was characteristic of him. His sympathies were all with the men whose business interests were imperiled, and it was only the outbreak of feeling in the Middle West that finally

CANNON

caused him such fright that he was glad to masquerade as friendly to the measure. There are plenty of persons, closely identified with the fight for the bill, who have reason to know the part taken by Uncle JOE. And we are thoroughly convinced that his attitude toward this bill gives a just measure of his type of mind. He understands "prosperity" in the sense of acres, exports, crops, and dollars. And he understands but little that lies higher than these things.

**G**ENIUS IN QUALITY and also in volume meet in the greatest actress of our day. In spite of her many farewell tours, there is a belief, founded on vague intuitions, that the one just finished is actually her last. In spite of the statement attributed to her that the motive for the journey was a million francs, we know impulses deeper than the desire of money underlay this trip of a woman, more than sixty years of age, over a distance equal to once and a half times around the world, playing in tents, making flying moves by night, organizing every detail, sitting up all night, talking, working, thinking all the time. We know that her boundless energy and unquenchable curiosity kept her on the move, as they will continue to keep her, until she enters back into those elements of fire and air and earth of which she is composed; earth and air and fire, and "something far more deeply interfused." Age for her has taken no glory from the earth or sky. Her last curtain will drop upon a story in which interest has never waned. "In spite of all" has been her motto. In spite of poverty, homeliness, and obscurity at first, and now, after conquering every obstacle, in spite of age, she pursues her steady way along life's flowering road—a cheerful beacon to hearten the journeys of those with lesser gifts.

FAREWELL  
TO SARAH

**T**HE SEASONS MEAN more to Americans every year. Outdoor life means more; gardens, hillsides, beauty, air, and exercise. Our cities, except New York, are growing more slowly than they used to grow. With all our immigration it is estimated that only one-fourth of the increase in population goes to congested cities. In talking about why the love of country life affects first the well-to-do, one of the periodicals in which we personally find most wisdom and acumen, "The Christian Register," says that the laboring classes "have lost their homing instinct, and are more controlled by the propensity for herd-COUNTRY LIFE ing." The reasons that the laboring classes prefer the city are weighty and many, but these reasons will steadily decrease, with rapid transit, telephones, rural mails, and other facilities for intercourse and education. Electricity is now carried, in Germany, France, and our own Western States, from city factories out into farms and country homes, so that manufacturing can be as conveniently done far from city centres. The demand for books and periodicals about nature topics increases and reflects this drift, which is so rapid that even from one season to the next its effect is visible in the temper of our thought.

**N**OW IS THE TIME when most city men, who have pleasure vacations at all, are freed for a short stretch of idleness and sun. In summer alone is nature known by most of those who dwell in towns. In the metaphor of man, summer and spring stand for life and joy, for mirth and hope, opposed to the colder seasons' darker meanings:

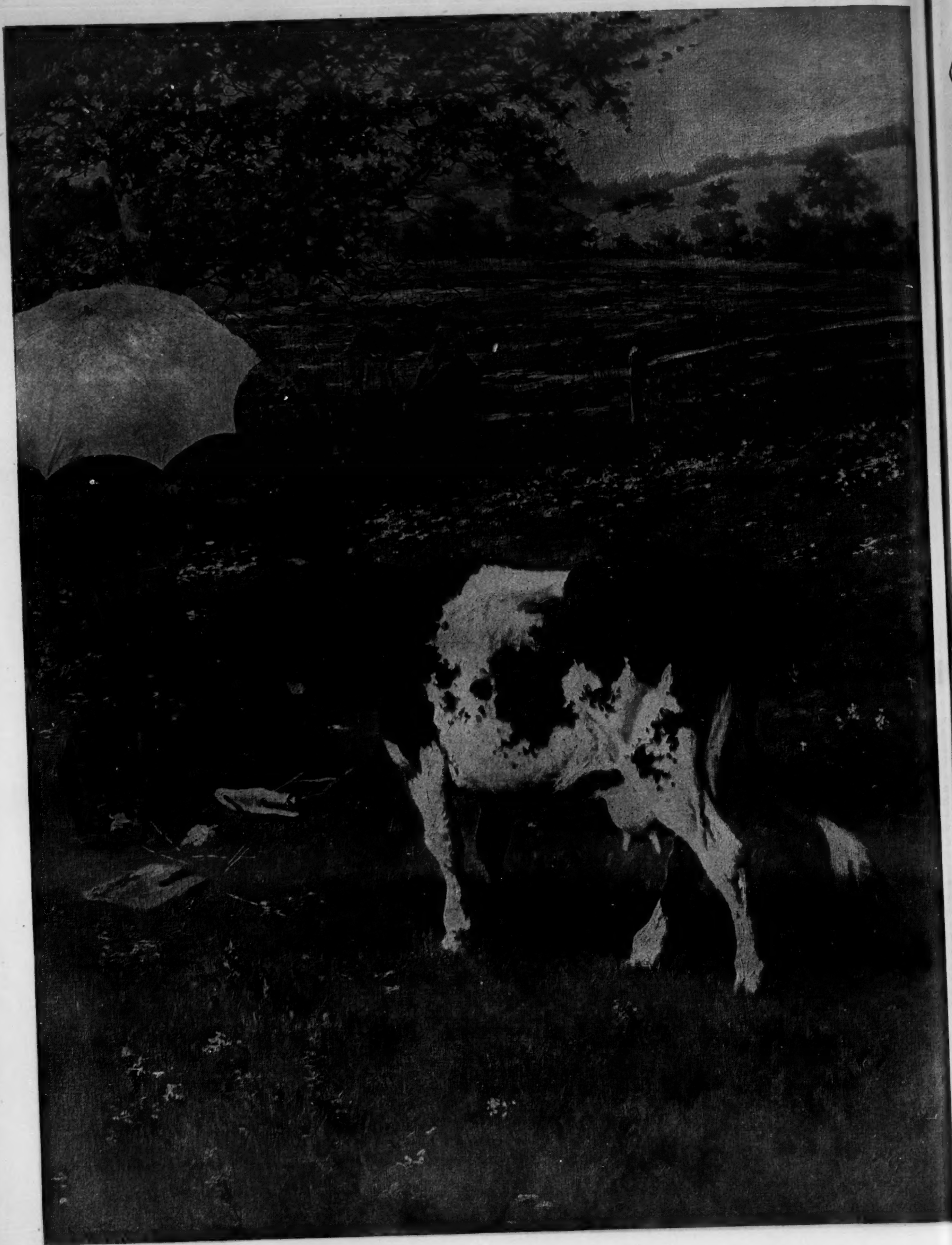
"The Night is mother of the Day,  
The Winter of the Spring,  
And ever upon old Decay  
The greenest mosses cling."

"Summer comes with flower and bee," with nests and young, with sensuousness and fertility. Her caressing air and clear blue sky give to the average being warmer happiness than any other season brings. Among the poets the month through which we are passing now has more honor than the one which follows next. July stands for the height of summer's warmth and richness, and for those days when the wind

JULY

"Sweeps the broad forest in its summer prime,  
As when some master-hand exulting sweeps  
The keys of some great organ."

July is midsummer, and stands to man for the turning point of life. She is the symbol for productive warmth, and August for the heat that begins to parch.



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## THE HORRID THING!

PAINTED BY A. B. FROST

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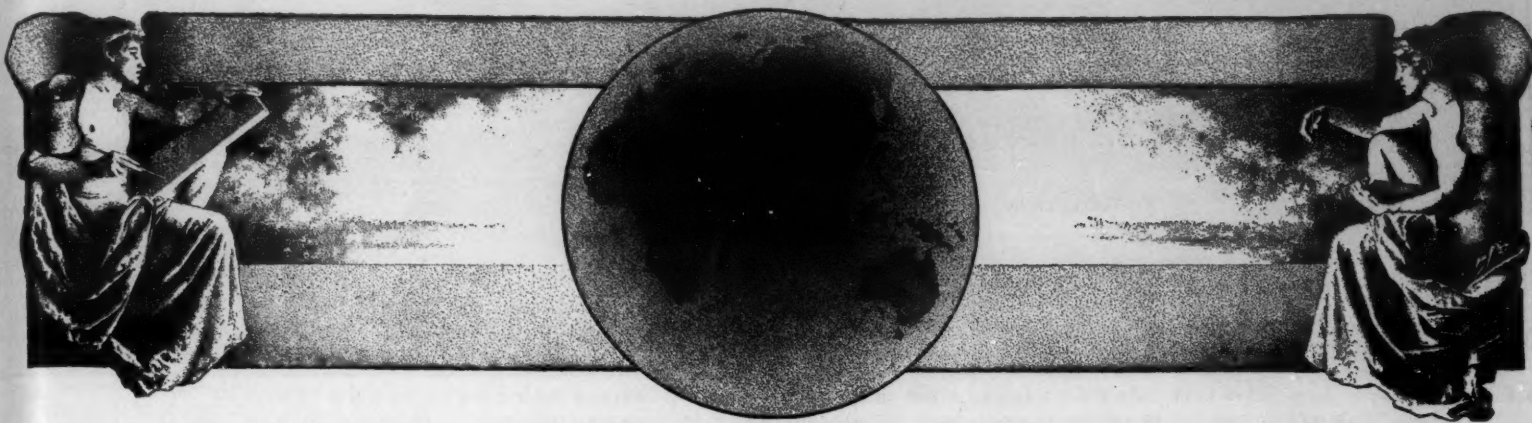
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# WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING



EDITED BY SAMUEL E. MOFFETT

**T**HE Beef Trust firms, the Burlington Railroad, and two individual defendants, recently convicted at Kansas City of violating the laws against discrimination in freight rates, were sentenced on June 22 to fines aggregating \$85,000, and the two individual defendants received additional sentences of four and three months respectively in the penitentiary. ¶The President has announced that criminal proceedings will be brought at once against the Standard Oil Company. ¶The dispute over the type of the Panama Canal has finally been settled by the definite adoption of the lock plan. ¶Honolulu has fallen into line with the other American cities in adopting a scheme of civic improvement. ¶The college commencement season has shown that the American moral revival is still at its height. ¶The friends of San Francisco are trying to raise money for the replacement of the city's burned schools. ¶Governor Hoch of Kansas has refused to sign the death warrants of the

fifty murderers now under sentence in his State, and announces that he never will approve the hanging of a man. ¶The Russian Duma passed a resolution on June 22 fixing the responsibility for the massacres upon officials enjoying immunity, and repeating its demand for the resignation of the Ministry. ¶The presidents of the Pennsylvania, New York Central, and other railroads have declined the "invitation" of the Interstate Commerce Commission to testify voluntarily without immunity. ¶The Massachusetts House of Representatives voted on June 21 to expel Frank J. Gethro, on a charge of attempting to bribe three fellow members. ¶William J. Bryan has announced that silver is not now a political issue. ¶The coronation of King Haakon of Norway passed off successfully on June 22. ¶Secretary Root's South American itinerary, beginning with a landing at Para about July 15, has been published, and arrangements have been made to give him a distinguished reception at all the cities on his route

## PRISON DOORS OPENING

**D**ISCUSSING the influence of the meat scandals upon the reputation of America abroad, the London correspondent of the New York "Sun" cabled recently: "One thing, and one thing only, will have any real effect in Europe. When America begins to send its greatest criminals to jail, Europe will begin to believe that there is a real standard of morality in the country."

That time seems to be approaching. On June 22 seven defendants, convicted of violating the Elkins law against discriminations in freight rates, were sentenced by Judge McPherson of the United States District Court at Kansas City. Swift & Co., the Cudahy Packing Company, the Armour Packing Company, Nelson Morris & Co., and the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad were fined \$15,000 each. George L. Thomas of New York was sentenced to a fine of \$6,000 and four months in the penitentiary for obtaining rebates, and his assistant, L. B. Taggart, to \$4,000 and three months. The penalties imposed upon Thomas and Taggart were the first sentences of imprisonment ever pronounced for such a crime, and Attorney-General Moody expressed the belief that it would "have the most potent effect in checking the widespread practice of unlawful discrimination."

Close on the heels of these sentences came the announcement by the Attorney-General that criminal proceedings would be begun at once against the Standard Oil Company, on charges of violating the laws regulating interstate commerce and prohibiting rebates and other unlawful discriminations. In his official statement Mr. Moody said:

"These cases are regarded and will be treated as of importance, as it seems clear that in so far as the Standard Oil Company has obtained monopolistic control of interstate trade, that control has been in large degree made possible by discriminations in transportation rates or facilities, the discriminations being in some cases in violation of law and in other cases, though injurious to the public welfare, not in violation of law, and, therefore, subject only to such correction as may be afforded by the railway rate legislation now pending in Congress."

A further investigation of the affairs of the Standard Oil Company is promised, to ascertain whether there has been any violation of the Anti-

Trust Act, or of any other Federal law. To assist in this work Mr. Frank B. Kellogg of St. Paul, who acted for the Government in the Paper Trust cases, and Mr. Charles B. Morrison of Chicago, now United States Attorney for the Northern District of Illinois, have been retained as special



JONATHAN BOURNE

Oregon's new Senator, replacing John M. Gearin

counsel. It was Mr. Morrison who did such good work against the Beef Trust, only to have it upset by the "immunity bath" decision of Judge Humphrey. Precautions have been taken against the recurrence of such a misfortune. The program outlined by the Attorney-General has received, it is announced, "the approval of the President and all the members of the Cabinet."

Not satisfied with this, the Government has been

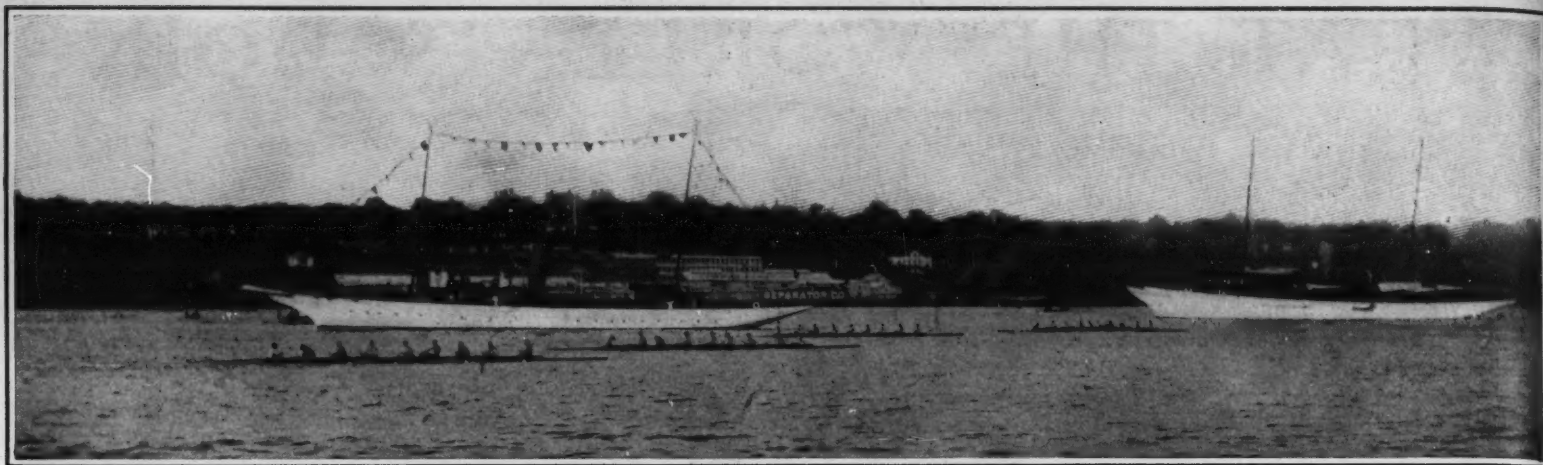
watching with baleful eyes the exhibition made by the Pennsylvania and other railroads before the Interstate Commerce Commission. The revelations of corrupt favoritism in the relations between the roads and their customers have naturally suggested criminal prosecutions, and the desire is expressed to carry those prosecutions as high up the line as possible. They will be closely connected with the Standard Oil cases, since the Standard has been one of the chief beneficiaries of the conspiracies that have given certain favored shippers an insurmountable advantage over all competitors. It is suggested that, ignoring all minor railroad offenders for the time, the whole energy of the Government may be concentrated upon the effort to convict President Cassatt of the Pennsylvania and send him to jail.

Hitherto the Captains of Industry have failed to take the laws seriously, knowing that the worst penalty any powerful transgressor had to fear was a trivial fine. But now a new spirit is abroad, well-illustrated by a story told of Senator Bailey of Texas. According to this tale, Mr. Bailey happened to be at a hotel table in New York with a number of capitalists, including some Standard Oil officials. They began to complain of the persecution they had been suffering from Washington this year. Finally the Texas Senator rejoined:

"You gentlemen who run these corporations must obey the law. If you had obeyed it in the first place you would not have this new legislation to complain of. All your properties are held by virtue of the popular respect for law, and yet you are the very men who are doing most by your acts to break down this respect for law."

"Every time Congress passes a law you violate it. You have violated every law we have given to you. We gave you the Interstate Commerce act; you violated that. We gave you the Sherman Anti-Trust law; you violated that. Then we gave you the Elkins law, and you violated that. Now we give you a new one. If you violate that we will give you another that will have iron teeth."

After a pause one of the corporation men asked what Mr. Bailey meant by a law with iron teeth. "I mean," he explained, "a law that will send every one of you to the penitentiary." The complaints of persecution abruptly subsided.



THE INTERCOLLEGIATE BOAT RACE AT POUGHKEEPSIE, JUNE 23

At the finish—Cornell (on the right) first; Pennsylvania second; Syracuse third; Wisconsin fourth. Columbia and Georgetown, which brought up the rear, are not visible

## HOMELESS SCHOOLS

THE San Francisco fire destroyed thirty-four schoolhouses whose replacement will cost six million dollars. This aspect of the disaster did not impress itself at first upon the minds of most outsiders, who were thinking of homeless families and ruined business men. But Galveston had suffered herself, and she knew what the destruction of a city's educational plant meant. On April 20, while the flames were still at their height, Mr. I. Lovenberg, the Superintendent of Schools at Galveston, telegraphed to the Superintendent of Schools at San Francisco:

"Galveston public schools were rebuilt and maintained after the great storm of 1900 by voluntary contributions from the school-children of the United States. Will you accept contributions from Galveston school-children to aid in restoring your public schools?"

The proposition was welcomed, and a "School Reconstruction Committee" was formed in connection with the San Francisco Board of Education. Contributions began to flow in. The first cash gift received was contributed by the children of Broken Arrow, Creek Nation, Indian Territory. Portland, Ore., guaranteed the cost of one building, which is to be called the Portland School.

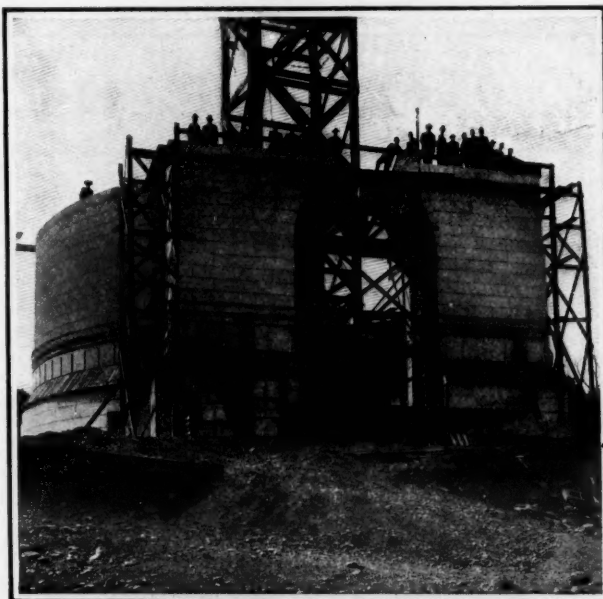
More than four hundred teachers in San Francisco find themselves now without work or income, and over twenty thousand children are deprived of school accommodations. Tents in Golden Gate Park, although very pleasant in summer, will not do when the raw, rainy season sets in. San Francisco must have permanent schoolhouses, and her city government, pressed for money in so many directions, is going to find trouble in building them. The spontaneous generosity of Galveston, of Portland, and of the Indian children of the Creek Nation has shown how the situation should be met.

## REAL MUTUALIZING

THE composition of the International Policy-holders' Committee of the Mutual and New York Life Insurance Companies was announced on June 24. The American membership of the committee includes Cardinal Gibbons, three former Cabinet officers (Richard Olney, Benjamin F. Tracy, and Charles Emory Smith), Governors Broward of Florida, Blanchard of Louisiana, Hanly of Indiana, Pennypacker of Pennsylvania, Johnson of Minnesota, and Roberts of Connecticut, Judge George Gray of Delaware, ex-Judge Alton B. Parker of New York, Representative Longworth of Ohio, President E. E. Clark of the Order of Railway Conductors, Bishop C. C. McCabe of the Methodist Church, the Rev. Dr. Russell H. Conwell of the Baptist Church, James C. Hemphill of South Carolina, Harlow N. Higginbotham of Illinois, Frederick B. Niedringhaus of Missouri, Samuel Newhouse of Utah, Fremont Older of California, Colonel A. M. Shook of Tennessee, and Thomas B.

Wanamaker of Pennsylvania. Mr. Wanamaker alone is said to represent more insurance in his own family than is held by all the present trustees of the Mutual and the New York Life put together. To the names on this list are to be added Representatives of the English, French, and German policy-holders. The French members are to be named by the Government of France. Canada is represented by Mr. Z. A. Lash, King's Counsel.

The organization of this committee marks the beginning of the most extraordinary campaign in insurance history. There are more voters qualified to take part in it than participated in any Presidential election down to the time of Martin Van Buren. There are about a million and a half of policy-



IN HONOR OF MCKINLEY

The great national monument at Canton, Ohio, as it appeared June 19, 1906

holders in the two companies, and under the new law every one of them can vote. The opinion is expressed that over a million votes will be actually cast, and this in companies whose elections have usually been decided by a few hundred canned proxies. All existing proxies are now void. New ones may be given on and after October 18, but it will not be necessary for policy-holders to give any unless they choose. If they prefer they may mark their ballots in person and send them in by mail. If they care to give proxies they may give them either in general terms, as has been the custom in the past, or with instructions to vote them for a particular ticket. The regular tickets named by the managements of the companies must be nominated by July 18, but independent nominations may be filed at any time up to September 18. The voting will last until the 18th of December, when the polls will close and the ballots will be counted by the State Superintendent of Insurance. We shall then see, for the first time in this country, how real democracy works in a great insurance company. For the first time we shall know whether companies that are mutual in name can be mutual in fact.

## BEAUTIFUL HONOLULU

THE aspiration for civic improvement is spreading to the limits of the "American Empire."

Mr. Burnham has just completed a plan for the beautification of Manila, and now comes an elaborate report by Mr. Charles Mulford Robinson on the adornment of Honolulu. In a way, this is even more significant than the other, for the Manila plan was the idea of an exotic government, while that of Honolulu was the spontaneous desire of the locality itself. Mr. Robinson's report was addressed to the Board of Supervisors of the County of Oahu, Hawaii Territory; it has been distributed by the "Hawaii Promotion Committee," and the work of carrying out its recommendations has been undertaken by a specially organized "Honolulu Improvement Association."

The conditions to be dealt with in Honolulu have little in common with those in the cities of the mainland. Here is a tropical town, with trees whose very names are strange to dwellers in temperate latitudes, with a warm surf beating summer and winter upon coral reefs, with two extinct volcanoes looking down upon its harbor, and with pleasure instead of business the object of most of its visitors. Mr. Robinson has rid himself of all preconceptions as to how a city ought to be planned, and has thought only of the best means of preserving, developing, and intensifying Honolulu's own unique and charming individuality. Accepting her natural gifts, which no other city could secure by the expenditure of any number of millions, he has tried only to make them accessible and to set them off to the best advantage with as little disturbance as possible. The result will be a city which will not only hold the future tourist for more than the space between one steamer and the next, but will be a delight to its own people.

## THE WAY CLEAR

AT last the question of the type of the Panama Canal is settled. The President, the House, and the previous law proved too strong a combination for the Senate to resist, and on June 21 it receded from its sea-level stand and accepted the principle of a canal with locks by the narrow margin of 36 to 31. The vote of the Senate had the effect on the Administration of the starter's pistol on a runner. Chairman Shonts at once called upon Secretary Taft to arrange for pushing the work. It was arranged to have the Isthmian Canal Commission and Chief Engineer Stevens start immediately for the Isthmus. The Administration proposes to show now what can be done with a free hand, and it is confidently predicted that before the end of the summer the work of digging the ditch will be going ahead at such a rate that carpers will be silenced and Congress will never have a chance to change its mind about the plans.



## SMASHING OLD IDOLS

THE college commencement season has been the occasion for a general heart-searching among the baccalaureate orators. The smug complacency of Chancellor Day of Syracuse University has not been shared by any of the other illuminators of youth. Most of them prefer the muck-rake to the golden calf. They hold the mirror pitilessly up to our material civilization and call upon it to contemplate its deformities and reform. President Schurman of Cornell summed up the prevailing sentiment when he said on June 21:

"What is the blight and malady of our time? Is it not the mean and sordid conception of human life which everywhere prevails? Among all classes and conditions of people do you not find a vitally active, if generally unexpressed, belief that the life of human beings, like the brute creatures about them, consists in the enjoyment of the material things which perish in the using? To get and to have is the motto, not only of the market, but of the altar, and of the hearth."

Dr. Schurman declined to limit his condemnation to politicians or trust magnates. Financiers,

was "more concerned with obtaining moral betterments than with swelling material gains," and that it was "going to make wealth and power, investments and combinations, submit their credentials to scrutiny, and moralize or surrender their methods and their assets." "The sale of law," he added, "is to be brought to an end."

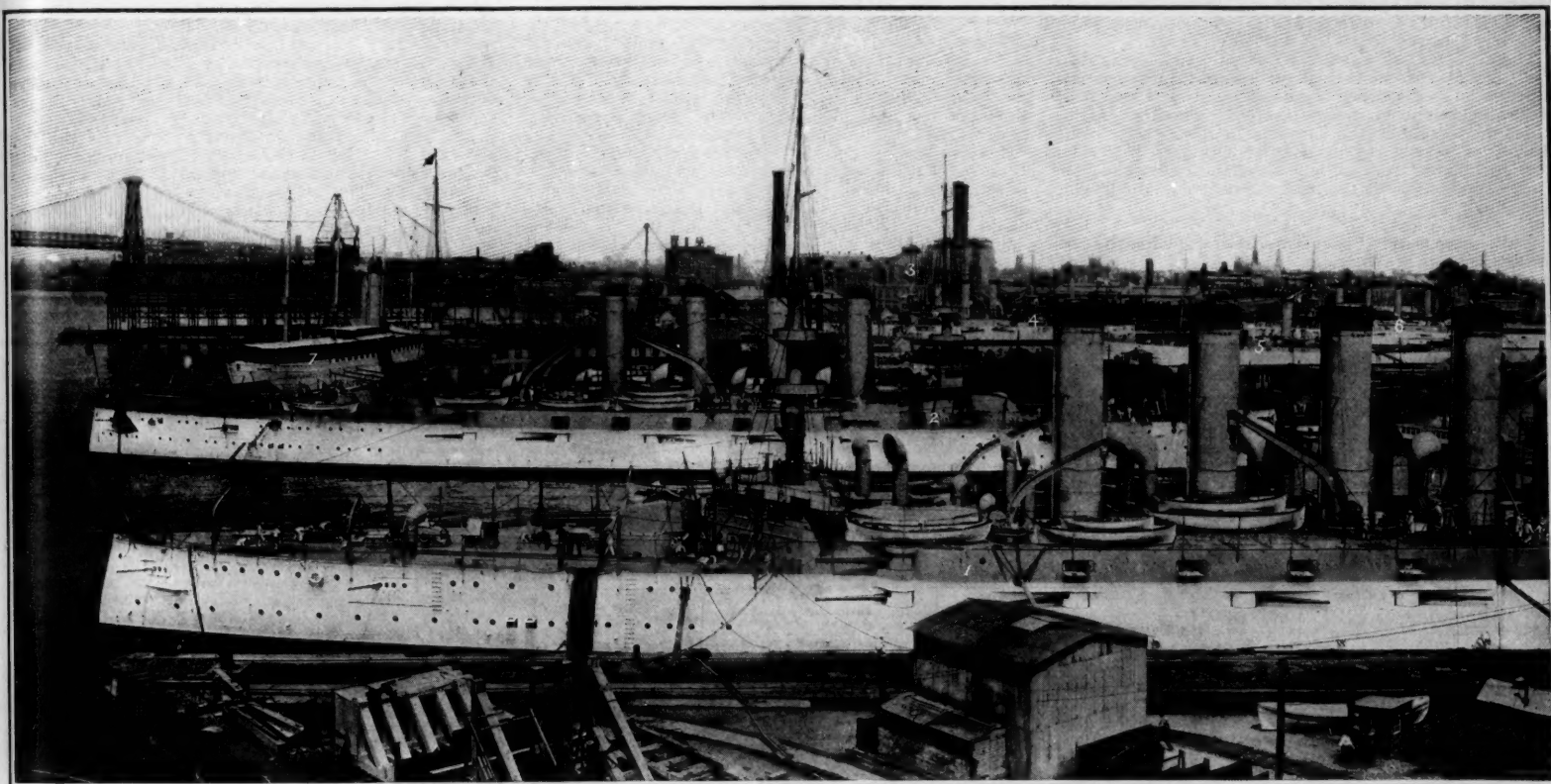
"The domination of venal politics is to be exchanged for that of ethical politics. The embezzlement of trust funds belonging to the people and consigned to corporations is to be made in law the felony which it is in morals. This will be done even if it is necessary to raise the presumption of guilt instead of the presumption of innocence regarding inordinate fortunes oppressively gained and venally employed. The moral wave has come to stay."

Except in Syracuse it will not be the fault of their educational guides if the young men and women who have gone into the world from the colleges this year fail to realize that there are nobler ambitions than that of raking up heaps of golden muck, and that what was worshiped a few years ago as glittering success in life is really the most abject failure. With the commencement orators denouncing tainted money on one hand and the courts sentencing rebaters to the penitentiary on the other, moral and intellectual ideals again have a chance.

## THE HALTER OFF

MR. BRYAN has at last taken the step that might have made him President in 1900. In a formal statement in his paper, "The Commoner," he has admitted that free silver is no longer a political issue. Of course he does not recant his earlier views—that could not be expected. He still insists that "the underlying principle of bi-metallism, the quantitative theory, has been amply vindicated and is now generally recognized." But he uses that assertion merely as a parachute to break the shock of his descent to the gold standard. The essential thing is his statement that "owing to the unprecedented production of gold, the money question is not and will not be discussed in detail, as it was in the Chicago platform." It will be allowed to drop quietly into ancient history.

In 1896 Mr. Bryan made a "paramount issue"—free silver. In 1900 he tried to make another—anti-imperialism—but as he refused to let go of silver the voters refused to accept his label of paramountcy, and insisted on fighting over again the battle of 1896. Now he has a new "paramount



REPAIRING A FLEET AT THE NEW YORK NAVY YARD

1, Armored cruiser "Colorado"; 2, armored cruiser "West Virginia," flagship of Rear-Admiral Brownson; 3, battleship "Massachusetts"; 4, battleship "Connecticut"; 5, supply ship "Celtic"; 6, armored cruiser "Pennsylvania"; 7, receiving ship "Hancock." The "Connecticut," built at the yard, is receiving her finishing touches; the others are having the repairs given to all the ships of the Atlantic Fleet in turn

PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES H. HARE

capitalists, and corporations might be the most conspicuous sinners, but they were not alone.

"Equally guilty is the merchant who cheats his customers, or the lawyer who shows his client how to circumvent the laws, or the scholar who glorifies his patron's success in business, irrespective of the methods by which that success was achieved, of the preacher who transfigures the ruthless oppressor and robber of six days into the exemplary Christian of the seventh. We are dealing with the virus of a universal infection."

"The whole nation," concluded Cornell's head, "needs a new baptism of the old virtue of honesty."

"The love of money and the reckless pursuit of it is undermining the national character. But the nation, thank God, is beginning to perceive the fatal danger. The reaction caused by recent revelations testifies to a moral awakening. At heart the nation is still sound, though its moral sense has been too long hypnotized by material prosperity."

The next day Dr. St. Clair McKelway, the eminent Vice-Chancellor of the New York State Board of Regents, warned the graduating class of the College of the City of New York that the ethics of business must be improved or an aroused people would "surely substitute an enlightened socialism or a benign communism for it." Dr. McKelway had no great apprehensions of that outcome, because he felt confident that the American people

## A BALLOON RAILROAD

A RAILROAD to run by balloon power is one of the latest developments of scientific ingenuity. Consul Bardel, at Bamberg, describes experiments in this direction now under way in the mountains in that vicinity. The purpose of the scheme is to overcome steep inclines, which would ordinarily have to be attacked by cables or cog-wheels. A balloon, carrying ten passengers in a suspended car, is attached to a slide running along a steel rail. It rises to the top of the incline by the lifting power of the hydrogen with which it is inflated. Then a tank which it has carried up down. There is a speed regulator, controlled by the conductor. The inventor believes that all cable roads will be relegated to the scrap heap by his device. The Consul's report does not explain, however, why the water that hauls the balloon down could not have been made equally effective in hauling the car up without the intervention of any balloon at all. Two balanced cars, one going down with tanks filled with water and the other going up with tanks empty would seem as simple as one car and a gas bag.

issue"—the trusts—and as he is no longer hampered by the free-silver entanglement, he may be able to force the fighting on that line. His views on that question were expressed on June 21 in an interview at Trondhjem, Norway, where he had gone to witness the coronation of King Haakon. "My position," he said, "is that private monopoly is indefensible and intolerable."

"There is some talk of controlling the trusts—you might as well talk of controlling burglary."

"We do not say that men shall only steal a little bit, or in some particular way, but they shall not steal at all. It is so of private monopolies. It is not sufficient to control or regulate them—they must be absolutely and totally destroyed."

That does not seem to offer much encouragement to the capitalists who are proposing to run Mr. Bryan as a conservative candidate. As against Vice-President Fairbanks, or Secretary Shaw, or Secretary Root, he might even appear as a radical candidate. But there is a growing feeling among Republican politicians that if appearances in 1908 indicate anything like a probability of Democratic success the Republican Party may find it necessary to lasso President Roosevelt and drag him into the campaign, even if it has to gag him to smother his cries of protest. In that case it is hard to see just how the trust issue can be drawn.



# LAWLESS FINANCE

THE NEED OF CONSTRUCTIVE LEGISLATION FOR THE REGULATION OF TRUSTS

By RAY STANNARD BAKER

SOME of the events of the last year in the "financial world" have been both edifying and instructive.

A year ago the whole country was thrilled by the spectacle of a financial colonel of New York and Mexico, who had set forth for Boston, where he proposed—according to advertisements in the newspapers—to take the life of another financial colonel. Colonel Greene said that Colonel Lawson had caused him to lose four million dollars, for which real blood was the only proper assuagement. After a ferocious preliminary bombardment with advertisements, the two colonels met—at breakfast—with numerous newspaper reporters at hand to give a proper account of the conflict. The Boston Colonel explained that he had merely been gunning for certain copper millionaires of New York, that one of his shots had unfortunately gone wild and had hit the Mexican Colonel, who was, he assured him, a thoroughly good fellow and a liar, whereupon the Mexican Colonel observed that the Boston Colonel was an honest man, a coward, and a prevaricator. Then they shook hands, drank whisky, and parted.

The next day—or was it the day after that?—the Boston Colonel put another advertisement in the newspapers, and so disturbed the uneasy conscience of Wall Street that security prices tumbled headlong. All of which lent point to the succinct, doubtful, significant remark of a very famous Englishman who was then visiting this country. When asked if he thought New York had not become the financial centre of the world, he replied:

"Not yet!"

While these stirring events were emphasizing the six-shooter aspects of American finance, it was discovered that an energetic and fascinating woman of Ohio had borrowed several millions of money from able bankers in various parts of the country, without going to the trouble of depositing any genuine security. By the mere use of the hypnotic name of a millionaire, all the founts of wealth had been opened wide to her, and she had reveled for years in fine jewelry, fine raiment, and fast carriage horses.

This highly interesting story had not been fully told when it was learned that two Canadian haberdashers had come to New York with \$1,600, and after a meteoric training in advanced financial methods, walked one day into the National City Bank, the "Standard Oil Bank," the greatest in America, interested the Vice-President in a so-called "stock-washing" scheme—a polite method of taking other people's money—borrowed \$60,000 a day for ten days on the most doubtful of security, and by the barest accident failed in their attempt to mulct the public.

A little later we had the extraordinary disclosures concerning the defalcation of a highly honored bank president of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, a matter of two million dollars more or less. And then, as a sort of robust climax to the whole series of events, we had the dramatic scandal of the three great New York life insurance companies and the amazing doings of the Hydes and Alexanders, the McCurdys and McCalls. Finally, and this brings the history up to date, the country is holding its nose over the disclosures of what President Roosevelt calls the "revolting condition" of the Chicago packing-houses: a "trust" built upon railroad rebates and making profits upon filthy products.

With all these things coming to light is it any wonder that the people ask with some pertinence how many things equally bad are *not* coming to light?

## Some Recent Disclosures

Reinforcing the lesson of these bizarre events, we have had an extraordinary series of disclosures regarding railroad rebates and discriminations, wholesale "graft"

among officers of the Pennsylvania Railroad, long held up as the model American corporation; we have had and are now having the most remarkable exposures, in court and out, of the secret lawlessness of the Standard Oil Company, the Sugar Trust, the Coal Trust, the Tobacco Trust, the Harvester Trust, the Paper Trust, and like enterprises, far more disturbing, if less dramatic, than the Cassie Chadwick absurdities, or even the discovery that the potted chicken of the Beef Trust had no chicken in it. Scores of financial leaders in this country—heads of great corporations, railroad companies, banks, life insurance companies—are now under indictment for crimes and have been, or will be, tried in the courts. We have the spectacle of our richest man dodging process servers for weeks.

What does it all mean? Has our financial system fallen wholly into a state of demoralization?

## The Problem Has Become an Issue

These questions are being asked in one form or another in every part of this country. One hears them discussed, not only in Congress, not only in the city newspapers, but in the village stores out in Michigan, the Dakotas, and Arkansas. And when a question penetrates thus deeply into the consciousness of the American people, it means that something must be done. It means that the problem has become an *essential issue*. It means that one of the shrewdest politicians in this country—William J. Bryan—sees that the next campaign will be fought upon financial and trust questions—and he, in all probability, one of the candidates.

Only half a dozen really great questions arise in the course of a century—I mean questions of a kind that demand and will not be denied a clear field. Forty years ago the people thought of nothing but the slavery problem. Ten years ago free silver occupied public attention to the exclusion of almost everything else. Today we are deeply concerned with this new question.

It is of the utmost importance, therefore, that we should understand exactly what this problem really is, in its fundamental aspects.

Cassie Chadwick, Hyde, Alexander, Rogers, Armour,

and the grafting Pennsylvania Railroad officials are only surface symptoms. They point the way; they indicate the malady.

In the first place we have had in this country, during the past few years, two extraordinarily powerful forces at work. The first, a progressive force, represents the almost irresistible movement toward closer organization and combination in industry; the second, a conservative force, represents the opposition to this movement. The first is the tendency toward the formation of monopolies; the second, the effort to maintain competition.

Labor organization furnishes an excellent example of the operation of these two forces. In its essence the demand for the "closed shop" is an expression of the mighty effort of labor to form a monopoly of employment in various industries. It is an attempt to drive out competition in the form of the independent or non-union worker, and, as a fruit of the resulting monopoly, to raise wages and shorten hours. In seeking to complete their monopoly, labor unions have not stopped short of arson, mayhem, and even murder; and their success in such cities as San Francisco, where wages were the highest in the world's history, is an indication of the value of the stake for which they are playing. The "open shop" demand, on the other hand, is the attempt of the employer to maintain the unobstructed operation of the law of competition. The employer has championed the non-union man, not because he cares anything for the life or hopes of the non-union man, but because he sees that the survival of the non-union man, otherwise the *maintenance of competition*, is the only thing that will save him from falling into the clutches of a complete labor monopoly.

In the domain of capital, exactly the same forces are at work. Trusts, railroad mergers, and pools are the devices of capital to stifle competition, to form a monopoly, to drive out the independent oil refinery, to crush the independent slaughter-house, to ruin the small coal-miner—and thereby to raise prices and produce the fruits of monopoly, as the Standard Oil Company, the Beef Trust, the Coal Trust, and the railroads are doing to-day.

In forming these monopolies, capitalists have not only not hesitated to break the laws of the land ordinarily and regularly, but they have committed even crimes of violence—not to speak of the ruin of widows and orphans—but their lawlessness has consisted chiefly in the wholesale corrupt on of the commonwealth. Most of the political rottenness of the day is traceable directly to the doors of the managers of street-car companies, gas companies, railroad corporations, who desire to break the law with impunity. Political corruption is not due so much to badness as to business.

Over against this movement toward capitalistic monopoly we have had the formation of stupendous organizations of shippers to fight the railroads, and of independent manufacturers to fight the trusts. Such organizations as the National Live Stock Association, the Millers' National Federation, the National Grange (Farmers), the National Lumber Manufacturers' Association, the Wool Growers' Association, the Travelers' Protective Association, and hundreds of others, represent the attempt of the public to curb the monopoly by fanning the fires of competition. A combination of these associations in the Interstate Commerce Law Convention was one of the foremost factors in bringing about the present agitation for railroad regulation.

## Stevenson's Law of Trade

John Stevenson, the "father of the railroad," laid it down as a law at the beginning of the century that *where combination is possible, competition is impossible*.

## WHO'S ZOO IN AMERICA

By WALLACE IRWIN



WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN

IN '96 when Bill came forth

To slug the Moneyed Bully,  
The Nation gasped from South to North:

"Good gracious, ain't he woolly!"  
But since we've killed the Silver Cow  
And raised the Golden Heifer,  
The "Cyclone from Nebraska" now  
Is like an April zephyr.

'Twixt William Jen-  
Nings Bryan then

And William Jennings now  
There is a dif-  
ference, as if  
The World had changed, somehow.

FOR latterly he's seen some life

And ceased to travel steerage.  
He's taken food with silver knife  
From plates of British peerage;  
He's tucked beneath his massive chin  
Fine napkins, hemmed and crested,  
And gone to teas and luncheons in  
An evening-coat low-vested.

'Twixt William wild  
And William mild

The gulf is nearly weird;  
To put it frank,  
The Argent Plank  
Is scarcely to be feared.

HE rather thinks the mad Muck-Rake

Is low and vulgar gammon;  
He fears too much Reform will make  
"The Commoner" too common.  
And if you have the hardihood  
To mention "Socialism,"  
Bill whispers: "Hush!" and touches  
wood  
And reads his catechism.

When Bill was keen  
For "Sweet Sixteen"

Her hand he archly prayed;  
But now he tries  
Those goo-goo eyes  
Upon another maid.

FOR William's dreams of power have brought

Some hankerings appalling,  
And half-way round the world he thought  
He heard his Party calling:  
"Come back, before the Safe Insane  
Has made another bungle;  
Come, Prophet, on a special train  
To lead us from the jungle!"

Such words of cheer  
On William's ear

Like words of promise glisten;  
The echo comes  
Of distant drums—  
And Bill sits up to listen.



The capitalists in this country have discovered that combination is possible in almost every branch of commercial and industrial enterprise, with the inevitable result that the monopolistic tendency, both of capital and of labor, has outstripped every effort at restraint. Monopoly is so logical; it has so much in its favor, while competition under present conditions is so often ruinous and demoralizing. Capital hates competition; it is called "cut-throat." Organized labor hates competition; it is called "scab labor." No one desires competition—except in the other man's business.

Hatred and fear of competition on the side of capital have yielded such devices of monopoly as pools, gentlemen's agreements, trusts, mergers, and the like. And labor has limited its apprentices, restricted its output, provided entrance examinations which operate in some unions to reduce the membership, and finally it has employed such violent means as the boycott, ostracism, and even personal violence—all devices to stifle competition.

Such methods, employed by secret organizations of both capital and labor, while highly serviceable to those within the trust or the union, have been disastrous to the public at large. Of the two, the trust monopoly has been much more harmful, of course, than the labor monopoly, on the principle that "a monopoly for the benefit of a hundred thousand persons is a little more tolerable in a democracy than a monopoly for the benefit of ten persons." On the one hand these monopolies have produced the corrupt, arrogant labor boss of the Sam Parks type, and on the other hand the even more devastating and piratical trust magnate of the Rockefeller and Armour stamp. Both have despoiled business, defiled politics, broken the law.

In brief, the country is beginning to learn that the law of competition, so long the automatic regulator of industry, no longer serves to curb the exactions of monopoly. The people are learning also that competition

is often wasteful and uneconomic; that in theory a monopoly in such industries as telephony, telegraphy, the railroads, and many others in less degree, should not only be more serviceable and cheaper to the people, but, seemingly, that it is becoming an inevitable necessity. One other fact is also growing daily more evident, and that is the utter futility which characterizes the efforts of loosely organized voluntary associations of employers, shippers, and producers to grapple with the rich and highly centralized trusts and labor unions.

We are brought thus to a statement of the fundamental question: *The regulation of monopoly.* It is not how monopolies shall be crushed, but how they shall be controlled. It is not how competition shall be reestablished where competition has failed and will continue to fail, but how the excellent economies, the superior serviceability of a centralized management of industry, may be so utilized that injustice may be done to no man.

#### The Evils We Suffer

We have permitted the railroads, the oil trust, the beef trust, the coal trust, the steel trust, and others, to kill the competition which formerly protected our interests, and we now leave the regulation of these tremendous organizations to a few men sitting secretly in Wall Street. And we suffer a cloud of evils, not the least of which is the wholesale taxation without representation upon all sorts of commodities, which is the necessary accompaniment of monopoly rule.

Hence we have in this country to-day an extraordinary effort to devise a new method of regulating monopoly. People have naturally turned to the Government, the only organization capable of dealing with such power as the trusts and labor unions have arrogated to themselves. Such is the meaning of the attempt in Congress to fix a method for supervising

railway rates. Such is the reason for establishing the Department of Commerce and Labor to investigate monopolies; such is the basis of the President's recommendation that corporations be licensed, thus securing a publicity which will prevent secret excesses upon the part of the trust magnate, for just so long as secrecy exists in the management of monopolies, just so long shall we have exhibitions of lawless finance.

There is this difference between the effort to secure trust legislation and the attack upon monopolies in the courts: The first is positive and constructive, the second negative and destructive. We shall probably discover that the effort to prevent monopoly in the Northern Securities and beef trust cases, for instance, will prove futile. A court can not stop progress; and the leaders in these vast enterprises—shrewd men—will find some other way of giving practical form to the irresistible impulse toward monopoly. Success, therefore, would seem to lie in the direction of constructive legislation: *Regulation, not prevention.*

There is no excuse why any American citizen should be confused any longer as to the real issue. It is plainly this: Monopoly must be regulated, and the Government is the only power strong enough to do it. In demanding reform, however, one thing must be strongly borne in mind. The best reform must be attained only a step at a time; it is evolutionary, the result of growth, not of explosion. If such moderate steps are prevented through the use of corrupt methods by the railroads and the trusts, or through the apathy of public opinion, this country can look only for the rapid growth of extreme Socialism and other radical propaganda, and the attempt, a little later, at far more dangerous revolutionary reforms. To any one with eyes to see, the large vote cast at the last election by the Socialist Party is full of portent. The people must and will control the monopolies, that even justice may be done to every American.

# THE GOOD NAME OF A CITY

THERE ARE OTHER THINGS IN PATERSON BESIDES ANARCHISTS

THE people and the press of Paterson, New Jersey, have given frank expression to strong anger at COLLIERS' because, in an article which attempted, with painstaking care, to set forth the facts and figures concerning Anarchy in America, was included some mention of what Anarchists call a "group" which has its headquarters in Paterson. Paterson's anger, let us say in the beginning, does Paterson credit, for local patriotism is a pleasing emotion and the parent of most civic virtues. Nevertheless, we venture to protest, and we hope to show, that Paterson's anger is directed at the wrong target. The mention of Paterson was merely a passing allusion in an article on a general subject; a half score other cities were mentioned, and two or three of these cities were described as much worse centres of anarchy than Paterson. No one of these cities has uttered a word of complaint, which proves, we think, that Paterson's anger arises more from a sensitiveness on account of most unjustifiable newspaper jibes, extending over several years, than from COLLIERS' single allusion.

COLLIERS' shares with Paterson the commendable sentiment of jealousy of its own good name; this it is which compels us to say in passing that the facts seem to justify what our article said. Nevertheless, we are wholly glad of the opportunity to say a most deserved good word for one of the prettiest and worthiest cities in the United States.

Paterson has some Anarchists—much fewer, perhaps, as our article indicated, than Philadelphia or New York or Chicago or Pittsburgh—much fewer, very likely, than a dozen small cities where factories cluster and certain classes of foreigners gather. But Paterson has, also, more public spirit, more neighborliness, more of the spirit of helpfulness, more pluck, and more lovely homes than most cities of its size. The things that most distinguish Paterson among cities, if we should name them from personal observation, are crimson ramblers roses and wistaria-clad porches. It is a city of thrifty, happy homes.

Paterson, it is true, is a factory city; but its factory product is silk. And the maker of silk must live in beauty and work with beauty. The weaver of silk must have in his soul not only the love of beauty, but the beginnings of art and the finish of taste. All this makes Paterson's factory workers a people apart, and reflects itself in the cleanliness and taste of even the humblest of Paterson's homes. Such workers earn extraordinary wages; partly because of this adequate income for their skill, and partly because of their taste, the homes of Paterson's workers constitute nothing in the nature of slums—the city has no

#### Resolution introduced by Alderman Albin Smith and passed by the Board of Aldermen of Paterson, New Jersey:

Whereas COLLIERS' WEEKLY and other papers have been publishing articles absolutely false and without foundation in truth concerning the city of Paterson, and strongly libelous of the city, be it

Resolved, That the City Clerk procure copies of said libelous articles, and the City Counsel be directed to investigate the same, and if, in his judgment, actions for libel will lie against the owners of said publications that he forthwith institute proceedings against said publishers for said libelous articles.

such sordidness as Lowell or Lynn or Packington. Paterson would never have excited Ruskin's tirade against factories and factory towns—it might easily have pleased him.

Paterson itself is not at all the cause of the bad name which it confessedly has had. So far as any human frailty whatever is responsible for this, it is the disposition of newspaper writers, in common with other folk, to think in grooves. Two or three rather sensa-

In Paterson's case, the cost of these facile post-prandial jokes and striking headlines has been a real and definite impediment to the prosperity of a city and a genuine embarrassment, in hundreds of individual cases, to its citizens. A Californian, about to sell a home in a Pacific Coast city to a resident of Paterson, abruptly broke off the negotiations when he learned the nativity of the purchaser. Patersonians making steamer acquaintances and registering at foreign hotels have been put to the humiliation of evading the naming of their homes, like those who have a public scandal in their past.

Paterson's rate of increase of population, which three decades was about thirty per cent per decade, has fallen off to half that during the decade of its notoriety. A city which in nearness, in beauty, in character of population, and in facilities of travel, ought to be one of the two or three principal places of suburban homes for New Yorkers, lags far behind its just deserts in that respect. "The manufacturing industries, the banks, and the business men appreciate," cries the indignant Paterson "Guardian," "the harm which is being done to Paterson by the publication of such stories."

Paterson's association with international Anarchy began when Bresci's bomb killed poor King Humbert. The Italian despatches at the time announced that

Bresci had lived in Paterson. This is now said by most Paterson people to be untrue. "It has been proved beyond all question," the Paterson "Call" affirms hotly, "that the murderer of the Italian king was never in the city of Paterson, and no one here ever heard of him prior to his temporary notoriety." The Hon. John W. Griggs, who is a native of Paterson, and who now lives in one of its most beautiful homes, was in a position to have intimate information on the subject. He was Attorney-General of the United States. He and the Italian Ambassador sent secret service men to Paterson to investigate. These reported quite positively that Bresci was never in Paterson, though his wife once lived there.

On the other hand, the editor of the Anarchist paper published in Paterson, the title of which is reproduced on this page, declares that Bresci did live in Paterson, working there all week and going on Saturdays to Hoboken to spend Sunday with his wife. And two or three of the printers on "La Questione Sociale" say they knew Bresci well, give the street number of the house in which he boarded, and name the mill in which he worked. Incidentally, these printers recall with a gentle and tolerant amusement the secret service men whom Mr. Griggs sent to Paterson, and tell, as wise old men tell a quiet joke, how

(Continued on page 24)

## La Questione Sociale

### Periodico Socialista-Anarchico

ANNO XII. PATERSON, N. J., SABATO 23 GIUGNO 1906. NUOVA SERIE. No. 330.

**LA VITA E' SACRA**  
Quando un anarchico stanco di lunghi anni di miseria insopportabile, di

**ALLE MIE SORELLE PROLETARIE**  
(Continuazione)  
Anziché belle per noi è tutto oscurità

clericale in abbondanza. Ella, chi lo credesse non si degna di leggere neppure i giornali dove si collabora suo marito. Le piacciono gli scritti di

#### HEADING OF PATERSON'S ANARCHIST ORGAN

"La Questione Sociale" is published weekly, in Italian, at 174 Twelfth Avenue, Paterson, N. J. The title of the leading article, "Life is Sacred," is ironical; the article is a justification of the assassination of rulers of high and low degree. Other articles are equally bitter. One speaks of "l'ex poliziotto ora presidente Theodore Roosevelt, massacratore dei minatori del Colorado"—the ex-policemen, Theodore Roosevelt, murderer of the Colorado miners." The same article sneers at Pope Pius as a "sheep" for congratulating King Alfonso on his escape from the Anarchist bomb

tional crimes were committed in Paterson; the city happened to be within the focus of the lime-light of metropolitan journalism. Thereafter it was a case of give a dog a bad name. Paterson became a victim of that trait which causes newspaper writers and after-dinner jokers, when they strain for facetiousness, to couple Boston with erudition and a leguminous diet; Philadelphia with somnolence; Kansas with the peculiar mechanics of celebration exemplified in "Sockless" Jerry Simpson; Kentuckians and Virginians with an excellent cooling beverage, and Chicago women with the lack of at least one attribute of aristocratic beauty.



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ALL FOR A

DRAWN BY WALT APPL





Walter Appleton Clark '06

RA PENNY!

WALTER APPLETON CLARK

# THE SECOND GENERATION

A DECLARATION WHICH GAVE JIMMIE HIS INDEPENDENCE

By CHARLES BELMONT DAVIS



WHEN Lonnen sold the Lone Pine Mine he did exactly what he had always said he would do—he went home. But of all the many men who had worked with him during the past twenty-five years over the sluice-boxes on the Montana side-hills not one knew just where Lonnen's home happened to be. In his moments of maudlin sentiment, when the stars shone white and the embers of the fire turned gray, his partners had watched him wave his long corded arm toward the East, and then, if the mood pleased them, they listened to him ramble on about a great house and a lawn that ran to the water's edge, and a farm and many horses and servants, and about swells who lived in the neighborhood and who drove in fine rigs every morning and evening to and from the railway station. As a matter of fact, Lonnen had two homes—one was a great stone building where men and women whispered and walked on tiptoe, and the air was filled with the odor of iodoform. The other home was a castle in the air, although the sale of the Lone Pine Mine had very nearly given it a foundation on earth. There was a farm, too, in New England where Lonnen had been taken as a foundling, but he did not choose to remember this as a home. All there was left of it was his adopted name and an unpleasant recollection of the slave's life that had finally driven him away to the gold fields.

The first thing he did when he reached the city of his birth was to take a cab to the great gray building that smelt of iodoform. He stopped in front of the archway and read the inscription cut in heavy stone letters over the door—"Maternity Hospital." His hard mouth curved into the semblance of a smile, and he ran lightly up the steps. "Home at last," he said.

For a short time he was permitted to look through the pages of dusty records, but he knew it was all quite useless, as he was not sure of even the year of his birth. And so he ended by sitting down at the desk of the superintendent and writing out a check for a sum of money, which the directors were to accept anonymously and to use as they thought best. That was the last time he ever visited that particular home, but the spirit that urged him to sign the check followed him all through his life. It usually prompted him to give bills of large denominations to old women on the streets who begged him for pennies. On these occasions he would always smile as he snapped the rubber-band around his roll of money, and mumble to himself as he walked on: "You never can tell."

## II

MONEY can not buy all things, but it can buy much. It bought Lonnen his castle—the home with the great house and the lawn running down to the water, and the many servants, and the acres of farm-land where he could watch other men till his soil. It was not far distant from the farm where he had been taken as a foundling and from which he had run away, but not near enough for any one to recognize the young farm-hand in the middle-aged *nouveau riche*. There were the swells too, still driving to and from the station in their smart traps and brass-bound automobiles. Indeed, it was in nearly all things the home he had pictured in the dreams of his mining days.

Money can buy much, but it can not buy all things. It could buy the oldest homestead and the best farm in West Roxton; it could buy the family servants and the

horses in the stable, and the cattle in the fields, but it could not buy the friendship of the neighborhood. For the first time in his life Lonnen learned that "the good will" which is supposed to go with the transfer of property was often nothing but an empty legal phrase. John Lonnen had been most unfortunate in the choice of his predecessors. The place and its recent occupants were the oldest in all West Roxton, and West Roxton had always been happy in the great number of its old families.

Three months after his advent he found himself isolated and ignored, although he had done all in his power to gain some kind of a standing in the community. He had contributed largely to the church and had given a brand new red hose carriage to the local fire company. With absolute regularity he had attended the town meetings and had freely subscribed to the town improvements, and all of his contributions had been accepted with grateful thanks. But the gratitude of his neighbors did not extend to the opening of their doors to him. For three months he sat about the broad piazzas of his home, or wandered over his well-trimmed lawns alone, wondering at the gloominess of his position. And then one day, still wondering, he went to call on one of his neighbors who had been a little more human to him than the rest. He wanted to ask him why it was, and if it was always to be the same.

The neighbor was standing on the lawn talking with his daughter. She was very tall and dressed in a long duck coat and a white skirt, and Lonnen thought he had never seen anything quite so lovely in all his life as the look of the girl as she smiled into her father's face. But, at the sound of footsteps, she turned, and Lonnen noticed that the smile was gone. She inclined her head very slightly in the direction of the newcomer, and then walked slowly away across the lawn and up the terrace leading to the house.

"I hope you'll pardon my visit, Mr. Brandon," began Lonnen bluntly, "but I wanted to ask a few questions, and I didn't know who else to go to."

Brandon held out his hand and smiled pleasantly at the speaker. "Let's sit down on that bench under the trees," he said. "It's cooler, and more sociable."

They walked over the closely cropped lawn and sat in the shade of the spreading branches of a great elm tree. For a few moments both men looked across the lawn to the blue water of the bay beyond, and then Lonnen broke the silence.

"I'm a plain man, Mr. Brandon," he began, "and I'm going to ask you a plain question. All I want is a plain answer."

Brandon nodded and poked his cane deep into the soft turf.

"Why don't you like me?"

"I?" answered Brandon. "Why don't I like you?"

"That's it," said Lonnen. "Why don't you like me—you and your neighbors? You all treat me as if I were a pariah. I've been here three months now and I've never seen a hat-rack in the town except my own. If there is anything wrong I want to know it. That's why I'm here now. I want a chance. That's all."

Brandon remained silent, still gazing out on the dancing waters of the bay.

"I made my money fair," Lonnen began again. "God knows I worked hard and long enough for it. And all the time I was working I was jolly myself by sayin' I was going back some day. Back to God's country where men were civilized and friendly like. And when I did strike it, and did come back, you treat

me pretty much as if I was in the leper class. I sit alone in that big house over there till I take fright at my own shadow, and that marble affair on the mantelpiece sounds like the town clock. I'm ashamed to look that flunkey of mine in the face—it's the only one he's seen come in the front door in three months. And this is what I've spent twenty-five years in the rottenest State in the Union for—twenty-five years of work and sweat and trying to keep myself decent and self-respectin'."

Brandon took his cigar-case out of his pocket and held it open to his guest.

"No, thank you," said Lonnen, "I chew. But I've got some good cigars over at the house with not a seal broken on a single box."

Brandon pulled several times on his freshly lighted cigar, and blew a cloud of blue smoke into the overhanging branches.

"You were unfortunate, Lonnen," he said, speaking very slowly, "in the choice of the town, and even more so in the choice of your home. West Roxton is about the most conservative place I know of, even in New England. It don't take to strangers—never did, never will. You're in wrong, that's all, and if you want a plain answer to a plain question I'd get out. There's nothing the matter with you, but you're a stranger. The people here not only want to know all about a newcomer, but they want to know all about his great-grandfather. It's their way. It may be a poor way, but it's their way and they're not liable to change it. The people whom you bought your place from had lived in it I don't know for how many generations, and nothing short of starvation would ever have made them part with it. The people here liked them and they didn't care to see them go to the wall. Mr. Lonnen, I'll tell you frankly that although you may be the noblest work of God, you're up against it if you are looking for the immediate friendship of the people of West Roxton. Of course, I can't say what the future may do for you, but if you insist on staying here and fighting it out, I would go along pretty much as you have begun. Keep on subscribing money, and instead of getting your groceries and things in Boston, as I understand you do, patronize the local tradespeople. You mayn't think their friendship particularly worth while, but it's not a bad thing to start with anyhow. Do something for them in the way of a celebration or a lawn-fête. Why, Henry Doster over there gives them a Fourth-of-July show every year, although he's bought his groceries from them for fifty years. Get them up a clambake, any kind of an outing, and if you want help or advice come to me."

The two men rose from the bench and with a friendly shake of the hand, and a pleasant smile, Lonnen's first visit to the aristocracy of West Roxton came to an abrupt end.

He had asked for a plain answer to a plain question, and now that it had come it seemed as if he had only bared his heart to have it lashed with a rawhide.

"I guess you're right, Mr. Brandon," he said; "you're honest, and tell the truth, anyhow. I may have made a mistake in coming here, but a long time ago I worked pretty hard not far from this village, and I always said I'd come back to it, but in a different way. Perhaps I'd ought to get out, but I think I'll try that celebration first. If that fails—well, the world is wide, Mr. Brandon."

An hour later the ex-miner was sitting at his desk composing with much effort an announcement which

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was destined to appear the next morning on the front porch of the local post-office. This was what the notice said:

**GRAND RECEPTION—FREE**

Mr. John Lonnen invites all the people of West Roxton to a splendid exhibition of fireworks on his lawn at eight o'clock on the night of July Fourth

ALL ARE CORDIALLY INVITED

SUPPER—MUSIC—FIREWORKS

ALL FREE

"Now," said Lonnen, as he finished reading the neatly written notice for the third time, "I'll show them a dash of real hospitality. I'll paint the sky of their damn village every color in the rainbow, and I'll streak it from one end to the other with the gold from the Lone Pine Mine. I'll show them just for once that I'm on earth, and with the goods, too. They mayn't be able to see me when I'm on the ground, but I'll wig-wag 'em that I'm here on the Fourth, and I'll do it in red, white, and blue, and when I get all my rockets goin' I'll bet they'll figure that hell's broke loose."

The morning of the Fourth broke clear with a fresh breeze blowing in from the bay. The summer residents of West Roxton started early for the catboats and the golf-links and the tennis-courts at the Country Club, but Lonnen sat alone on his piazza and watched the little fleecy clouds chasing each other across the blue sky. Patiently he waited for the hour of his triumph. All that money could do had been done—the weather only could bring disaster, and even the elements seemed to have conspired in his favor. In one detail only had he failed. To appease the people of West Roxton to the greatest possible extent, he had tried to engage the local band to discourse popular airs at his celebration, but the band had always played at Mr. Doster's fete, and for this reason the leader of the local instrumentalists in a dignified note had rejected Lonnen's offer as opposed to the best traditions of West Roxton. Therefore he had gone to Boston for his band just as he had for his fireworks and his supper, and in each case he had obtained the very best that money could buy. He had made no effort to conceal the magnitude of his preparations, and the exclamations which they elicited among the good people of the town, and the reports of which were conveyed to him through his chief factotum, caused Lonnen no loss of pride and pleasure. Down in his big heart he was sorry to interfere with neighbor Doster's annual effort, but he was sick and tired of isolation, and he was convinced that the opportunity and the hour for his real advent had arrived.

The great circular lawn at the back of the house was peculiarly well adapted to his purpose. The high-pointed cedars which closed it in from all sides formed a natural theatre, and the black wall of foliage, with its jagged top line cut out against the purple sky of mid-summer, could not fail as a splendid background for the display of the fireworks. All the long day Lonnen watched the light clouds overhead and the hurrying shadows on the lawn. And then as the sun sank toward the horizon, he watched the clouds and the shadows disappear and leave only a great blue dome—a splendid foil for the rockets with the fiery tails which would soon be tearing their way through limitless space.

At half-past seven Lonnen had finished his lonely meal, and, carefully dressed in his evening clothes, he walked out on the lawn to see that his orders had been carried out just as he had given them, and to be quite sure that all was in readiness for his guests. In the centre of the lawn the two men who had been sent from the city in charge of the fireworks picked their way with the solemnity of undertakers' assistants through neat piles of explosives of many kinds. There were solid troughs for the rockets and high poles for the giant spin-wheels, and wooden platforms for the Roman candles, which were as big as flower-pots, and besides these, stretched from each pole, were many wires from which hung long strings of fire-crackers. In order that the men in charge should be able to see to work properly, half a dozen oil lamps on poles, such as are carried in torchlight parades, had been placed in a circle about the paraphernalia, and about these poles trays were placed holding powders which, when lit, would give forth red and blue and green fire. On one side of the lawn under the trees were the tables with big bowls of punch and lemonade, and stacks of sandwiches and large round cakes. On the veranda of the house there was another table intended for the more distinguished guests, and which was made conspicuous by the presence of several tubs filled with cracked ice and many bottles of champagne. On the other side of the lawn the imported musicians from Boston were seated at ease back of their music-stands, waiting for the signal to begin their labors. Lonnen walked slowly about the lawn, noting with a smile of satisfaction the smartly clad maids standing behind the tables, and the men-servants from the house and the grooms dressed in their liveries, and all bowing at his approach.

"It looks good," he said to the butler, who was following him at a discreet distance; "it certainly looks good." Then he walked over to the centre of the lawn, where many rows of chairs had been placed for the cottagers, and sat down to await the coming of his guests.

During the half-hour that ensued, Lonnen consulted his watch several times and cast an occasional furtive glance at the opening in the trees through which the road led to the village. As the bell in the tower of the town hall tolled out the first stroke of eight o'clock a rocket shot across the sky and then broke into a thousand flakes of flame, which floated slowly toward the earth, and at the same moment, and from the same direction, the evening breeze carried to Lonnen the first strains of "The Star-Spangled Banner." For perhaps a quarter of an hour more he sat alone on one of the little spindle-legged chairs in the front row of those reserved for the cottagers. The rockets from the Doster place continued to tear their way through the sky over his head, but the ex-miner appeared unconscious of everything about him. Once more he opened his watch and then, shutting it with a sharp click, he beckoned to his steward and told him that he had better dismiss the servants and the men in charge of the fireworks.

"And the band, too, sir?" asked the servant.

Lonnen only nodded his head and cast one more pathetic glance at the empty roadway. The band slowly packed away its instruments and with the maids and the men-servants gradually vanished in the darkness of the pine-trees. They left the master alone, his long legs stretched in front of him and his hands clasped behind his head looking up into the great blue dome with its myriads of twinkling stars. For a long time he sat thus until the stiffening of his joints seemed to arouse him to the consciousness of his position. Then he got up and stared smilingly about him at the deserted lawn and the high hedge of pine, which seemed to shut out all the world from him. The torches were still burning brightly about the piles of unused fireworks. He walked over to one of these and, lighting a match, dropped it into a pan of powder. There was a flash and the green lawn and the black pines were turned into a field and forest of scarlet. Lonnen

"Can you make a 'sizzer'?" said the small boy, by way of introduction.

Lonnen did not answer at once, but looked down at the curious little figure of his youthful guest. The child, for child he was, was dressed in two garments—a frayed undershirt and a pair of blue overalls, very small and yet much too large for their present owner. His legs and feet were bare and brown as a maple leaf in October. The face, too, with its fine, well-turned features, was like bronze and in curious contrast to a hatless mop of yellow curls.

"I don't quite know about that," said Lonnen after his survey of the new-comer. "I haven't made a 'sizzer' for a good many years. You pull out the fuse, don't you?"

The small boy clasped his hands behind his back and gravely nodded. Lonnen pulled out the fuse, broke the firecracker in half, and then offered it and the piece of punk to his visitor. The latter began to unlace his fingers and to gaze up at his host with a look which was half of fear and half of disbelief that so much happiness and responsibility could have suddenly been thrust upon him. Tentatively he reached out for the cracker and the punk, and then suddenly seizing and bringing them together, he as hastily threw them both from him and ran back a few feet so as to be quite out of danger. The cracker fell on the lawn, sizzling as it was intended to do, but altogether the effort could hardly be regarded as a success in the way of a spectacle.

The child looked up at Lonnen and smiled broadly from beneath the tousled mass of curls.

"Pretty good, I think," he said. Then he put his tiny fingers into Lonnen's big fist and together they walked over to where the sizzer lay scorched and impotent, and looked down upon it with as much gravity as if it had been the earthly remains of St. George's dragon. The boy turned it over with his toes to be sure it was quite lifeless. "I guess I'm pretty brave, too?" he asked.

"Sure," said Lonnen. "Sure, you're a brave lad. Try another?"

But the little stranger in the overalls shook his head. Lonnen seemed to feel that his hospitality had come to altogether too abrupt an end, so he looked about for further entertainment. His glance strayed over the various piles and boxes of fireworks and then it fell on the lunch tables standing out in bold relief against the black pines.

"How would you like some cake and ice-cream?" he said to his guest.

The boy followed the direction of Lonnen's glance across the lawn, and at the sight of the white tablecloths he gave a little jump into the air, threw up his hands, and gasped: "Sunday-School picnic." Then he started across the lawn as fast as the little brown legs would carry him and only stopped when the edge of the table arrested any further progress. By the time Lonnen reached him the boy had fairly recovered his wind and was already munching a large piece of chocolate cake, which he held tightly in both hands.

Lonnen found a freezer back of the table, and, piling a plate high with ice-cream from it, offered it to his tiny guest. The latter had some difficulty in handling all he had to eat, and so his host placed him on a high chair at one side of the table and pulled up one for himself just opposite.

"Don't choke yourself," he said. "There's lots of time, and there doesn't seem to be any fear of our being disturbed. Is that good ice-cream?"

The boy laughed at the very silliness of the question. Just as if all ice-cream wasn't good.

"Of course it's good," he said, and dug his little fingers deep into the soft chocolate of the cake.

Lonnen rested his elbows on the table, holding his chin between the palms of his hands and looking wonderingly at the marvelous appetite of his young friend.

"Still hungry?" he asked.

The boy gave a little sigh of contentment and stopped eating long enough to smile across the table.

"What's your name?" asked Lonnen.

The boy looked up at the miner as if he must be joking. "Why, don't you know? I'm Jimmie."

"I didn't know. I beg your pardon," Lonnen answered. "Jimmie what?"

"Jimmie, that's all. Jimmie."

"I know, but what's your daddy's name?"

The boy laid down his piece of cake and looked up at Lonnen with wide-open eyes at so much questioning. "Ain't got no daddy," he said, and then, as if anticipating the next question, he added: "And I ain't got no mammy either."

Lonnen moved his chin from side to side in sympathy, while Jimmie returned to his ice-cream.

"That's pretty tough, eh, boy?" said the miner. "Pretty tough, no daddy and no mammy, and you're such a kid, too. Haven't you any relatives—folks of any kind?"

The boy's mouth was quite full of cake, so the only reply was a shake of the tousled head.

"Where do you live? In the village?"

Jimmie shook his yellow curls in assent and then, as



"Can you make a 'sizzer'?" said the small boy, by way of introduction

looked about him, and, finding he was quite alone, carefully picked out a long piece of punk and pulled off several firecrackers from one of the strings which still dangled from the wires stretched between the poles. He lit the punk from a torch and then proceeded to fire off the little firecrackers one at a time, throwing them far from him. During those long years in Montana the miner had become fairly familiar with the use of a gun, but it had been a long time since he had properly celebrated the Fourth of July.

He had almost exhausted his first pack when he became suddenly conscious that he was not alone. Turning quickly about him, he looked down on the very small figure of a boy who was gazing with undisguised wonder at the firing of the crackers.



if this was not quite sufficient, he began to enumerate his numerous homes.

"Sometimes I live with Mrs. Baker. You know Mrs. Baker—sells pies?"

Lonnen shook his head. "I can't say I know Mrs. Baker, but that must be a fine place to live where they make pies."

The boy looked up in surprise at his host's ignorance, and then shook the curls dubiously. "She sells pies."

"Oh, I see," said Lonnen, "she sells 'em. It does make a difference."

Jimmie, unheeding of the last remark, continued with much deliberation his autobiography. "An' sometimes I live at Bradley's."

"Get pies there?" It really seemed as if Jimmie's meals had crowded out every other interest Lonnen had in life.

"No," said the child with a tone of real disgust.

"Pies? Don't get nothin' at Bradley's."

"You mean you just room there?" suggested Jimmie's new friend. But the boy only scowled. The Bradley home was evidently a very sore subject.

"How did you get here to-night, anyhow? You're a regular kid, and yet you're the only one in all the village that could find the way," and Lonnen smiled grimly across the table.

"I went to Mr. Doster's to see fireworks, but so many people and so many legs, couldn't see through. Then I ran into the woods to cry and I saw the red light here, so I stopped cryin' and came to see you."

"Couldn't see through their legs, eh? Were there many people and many legs at Mr. Doster's?" asked Lonnen.

"Thousands," said Jimmie. And then, as if to be quite exact, he added, "Thousands and thousands and thousands."

"Thousands and thousands and thousands," repeated Lonnen, "and over here just you and me. Just you and me, an old played-out placer miner and a village child, eh?"

The boy laid his spoon on the table and looked open-eyed at the sudden change that had come over the face of his new friend. It seemed as if the responsibility of the entertainment had suddenly been shifted to his narrow shoulders, and his youthful mind groped hard for a new topic of conversation. A rocket from the Doster place shot into the air and broke into a dozen red and green globes of fire just over their heads.

"That's a rocket," suggested Jimmie, and looked over cheerfully at the long thin man across the table, but he found that the latter was apparently not conscious of the floating balls of fire in the sky, but instead was staring fixedly into his own little freckled face.

"No father and no mother—a foundling, I guess," said the man across the table.

It had on the whole been quite an exciting evening for Jimmie, and so with an apologetic smile he pushed away the empty plate which had held the good ice-cream and, laying his thin arms on the table, rested his yellow head between them. For some moments, except for the deep, heavy breathing of the man, there was quiet and then another rocket shot across the sky and the boy awoke with a sudden start.

"My," said Jimmie, sticking his fists in his eyes, "I was awful sleepy."

And then with some little effort he climbed down from the chair. "I guess it's pretty late. I suppose I'd better go home."

"Home?" asked Lonnen.

The boy did not answer the question, but ran around the table and threw himself against Lonnen's legs. His arms were stretched so high above his head that the dirty little hands rested on the miner's white shirt front, and the boy's lips were mumbling something that it was easy to understand was intended for a word of gratitude.

"You're all right, Kid," said Lonnen. "You're all right." He picked the little figure up and sat it on the table in front of him. Then he laid a heavy hand on each of the tiny shoulders and spoke very deliberately into the sleepy eyes. The yellow head nodded and the chin dropped on the child's breast, but the man talked on unheeding. To judge by the manner of his speech, it seemed as if Lonnen believed that some one else would hear what he had to say that night and would even hold him to his promises.

"You ain't goin' back to those old homes, you ain't, little one," he said. "You're comin' with me over to that big house yonder. I just want to hear your bare feet trottin' over the hard floors. I think it'll help a lot. And I'm thinkin', too, how some day you'll grow up and go to school and college, and you'll come back and everybody will be just delighted to see you. Just delighted, because you'll have a catboat and a buggy to take the girls with the long white coats out driving in, and who knows but you may have an automobile, too. And perhaps you'll join the country club over on the Point. It's a foolish place, because it only costs a hundred dollars, and yet with all my money I can't buy any part of it, but you see, Kid, that's because I fooled away my time on the foothills. You mustn't squander your time that way. You've got to wear gray flannel suits and play golf, and make yourself very friendly to all these people about here. Eh, Kid?"

Lonnen lifted the sleeping child from the table and held him very gently in his arms. "You don't seem to appear to take much heed to what I say, Kid. But that's all right, you came to my party. I won't forget that in a hurry. You're all right, little one. You're all right."

Lonnen carried the child across the lawn until he reached the place where the rockets still lay in their

boxes. Then he put his burden on a chair and took off his coat and lit a cigar with much deliberation.

"Now, Mr. Doster and the people of West Roxton," he said, speaking quite aloud, and at the same time picking out the largest rocket he could find, "I'm going to give you just one shot. I only want you to know that Lonnen is still on earth and that he had his party. Here goes one rocket for one guest."

The troughs which had been arranged for the rockets did not happen to point the way Lonnen wished his particular rocket to go, so he poked the stick deep in the ground and then lit the fuse with his cigar. There was a swish and a roar as the huge rocket cut a path of fire across the darkened sky. Lonnen's aim proved true and the explosive soared high above the trees and in the exact direction of the Doster place. And then, as if it had been timed by human hands, the rocket stopped in its flight, and the trail of fire broke into a great shower of flakes of gold which floated slowly to the ground.

"That's fine," said Lonnen. "I'm glad it was all gold. I was afraid it might have been one of those darned trivial blue and green things."

As the village clock struck ten the Doster fête ended in a great flare of triumph. The good people of West Roxton crowded about their host and assured him that it had far surpassed any of his former efforts. Then in couples and in groups of many they started toward their homes chuckling with pride and glee that they had all been true to the town's best traditions and that to a man they had stood by their agreement to attend the Doster fête and the Doster fête only.

Of all the villagers and the summer colony, Lonnen's neighbor, Brandon, was the only one who, down in his heart, had a feeling of real pity for the ex-miner. Instead of returning home he told his chauffeur to take him over to the Lonnen place in the hope that the exhibition of fireworks might still be going on. But as the machine poked its nose and the four brass-bound eyes out of the wood which circled Lonnen's lawn, Brandon laid his hand gently on the arm of his chauffeur and the automobile came to a sudden stop. In place of the noisy celebration and the confusion of many lights which he had looked for, Brandon found absolute silence and almost complete darkness. The lanterns and the lights which had been used for decoration had gone out, and there was left only the circle of torches in the middle of the lawn. Sitting in the centre of this he recognized the long, lean figure of the miner still in his shirt-sleeves and holding a boy in his arms. By the light from the flickering torches he could easily see Lonnen slowly brushing back the tousled mass of curls and smiling into the freckled face of the sleeping child. "Home," whispered Brandon.

The chauffeur nodded, and the automobile turned noiselessly in a little circle on the yielding turf and disappeared into the woods.

# BOHEMIA OF THE NETHERWORLD

THE STRANGE REGION WHERE MEN DRIFT ON THE PHILOSOPHY OF APATHY

By OWEN KILDARE

IT IS claimed by those who are familiar with the conditions that the real Bohemia is the very essence of exclusiveness. This assertion is not offset by the fact that, quite frequently, Bohemia opens its arms and takes to its bosom a new-comer. These new arrivals are not possible unless vouched for and sponsored by some veteran Bohemians, who are absolutely convinced of the new-comers' fitness for assimilation. In a word, one can not expect to become the member of any Bohemian group without being of kindred occupation or inclination, or having some other potent claim for recognition.

The gregariousness of men is responsible for the social desires of life, and no class of society is without them. So, absurd though it may seem, we find a well-defined social side in the lowest shift of society. And, because of the absence of the more troublesome conventionalities, this social side is as thoroughly Bohemian in its character and as exclusive as the other. To be sure, it is, apparently, more of a burlesque and more distorted than the other, yet that makes it only the more Bohemian.

It is a cause for congratulation that in our land the greater portion of the men who work "steady" are also steady in their private life. These two forms of "steadiness" are dependent on each other; the one can not exist without the other. The Netherworld Bohemian has lost either one or both of these habits of "steadiness," and, therefore, is what he is. On the other hand, the "has-been" of the Netherworld Bohemia is scarcely ever a professional mendicant, but makes his meagre living by one of the many "odd" pursuits to be found in a large city.

The unlisted callings of the metropolis are beyond enumeration, and no guild of the Middle Ages was more austere in its welcome to the apprentice than these makeshift avocations of the Netherworld. There are sign carriers, circular distributors, dentists' cappers, "coal put-ins," furnace attendants, envelope addressers and deliverers, noon-hour waiters and others, all working a few hours daily, just enough to get the necessary pittance for their absolute expenses and the margin for their Bohemian intercourse.

Back of every one of these men is a tragedy, which propelled him to his present status, but these tragedies are measured from individual standpoints, and the new-born philosophy of apathy often makes the former

tragedy appear as a veritable comedy. The tenor of the "has-beens'" existence is pitched by the moment. Their conversation abounds in reference to the past—remember, they are "has-beens"—but they do not indulge in empty regrets, and the general tone of this Netherworld Bohemia is genial, hilarious, and sometimes boisterous.

The "has-been" vocation which has the most diversified assortment of specimens is that of the noon waiters. Between ten and half-past ten in the forenoon an army of about six thousand men moves downtownward to play its humble part in the bustle of commercial life. The most cursory examination of this legion of apron knights will reveal the fact that traces of intelligence and a certain breeding are discernible in most of them. Their wearing apparel, also, seems at first glance humbly respectable. However, this last impression is quickly dispelled by closer inspection. The noon waiter is a past master of the art of dissembling. A soiled shirt or the absence of any shirt is easily disguised by a sheet of paper, properly dotted with studs of ink; cracked shoes, and the flesh visible underneath, are carefully painted with shoe-polish, which is also used to give a darker sheen to the threadbare spots of the clothing; the tool of the trade, the apron, is most likely a piece of sheeting pilfered from the bedding of the lodging-house. Yet these patched and shredded men, because of their better past, make good and well-mannered waiters and please both patrons and proprietor by their "different" ways.

The wages of noon waiters include one or two meals, eaten at the beginning, 10:30 A. M., and the end of their daily toil, 2:30 P. M. The cash remuneration ranges

from twenty-five to seventy-five cents, which, in a few instances, is augmented by a modicum of tips. While their hours are short, the work done in that time is considerable. The downtown district is covered with hundreds of lunch places, of which some feed from two

to three thousand persons, who pile in all at once and must be attended to immediately. It is no unusual thing for a noon waiter to serve from one hundred to one hundred and fifty people in the space of less than two hours. And that spells work, and is work of the hardest sort. Still, very few of these dinner waiters can be induced to work "steady," at better wages and easier labor—but longer hours. Many of them, as the result of sober reflection, have made efforts to rehabilitate themselves by "steady" work, but they always weaken, for the lure of Bohemia is too potent.

The Bohemia of the noon waiter extends over about four blocks at the lower end of the Bowery. Figuring the average wage at fifty cents and the necessary expenses—including the lodging—at twenty-five cents, the dinner waiter finds himself with another twenty-five cents to help him through the hours of the afternoon, say from three until bedtime. This is not an exorbitant amount, yet the dinner waiter, irrespective of any providential "graft," manages nightly to crawl into bed in a blissful state of befuddled contentment. The reason is that with him quantity and not quality counts. That this desire for quantity, regardless of quality, can be so readily satisfied throws a strong light on the pitiful conditions of our excise laws and Board of Health regulations.

No authority or organization has as yet seen fit to interfere with this bestial traffic or to analyze the stuff



The noon waiter

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that is sold under the guise of whisky and beer in these holes of iniquity, and this lethargy exists in spite of the fact that, since the introduction of the "tub" of beer, hordes of the hapless imbibers have died from aggravated kidney disease. One who knows anything of the policy of brewers and saloon-keepers will see the point of the question at once if he will compare the price with the size of the drink. A "tub" stands one foot tall with a diameter of six inches at its top. Can you imagine brewer or saloon-keeper giving that much "beer" for five cents? The size of the glass of "pure Kentucky rye," full to the brim and sold for five or three cents, is three and one-half by two and one-half inches. Consider license, cost of material, expenses, and profit, and then tell me if there isn't something very rotten in that state of Denmark!

During my years of observation I have found that two of these "tubs" will make a "has-been" believe that life has still some pleasures in store; three will make him slander his past; four will make him love his enemies—and loudly; five will make him the essence and best of everything and any old thing on the face of the globe, ready to defend that assertion—standing up or sprawling on the sawdust-covered floor; six—my observations never discovered anybody able to climb that dizzy height of ecstasy.

In Bayard Street, near the Bowery, are about a dozen of these "tub houses," run mostly by Italians. "Nick's"—popularly known by that name—is one of the favorite hang-outs of the Bohemians of the Netherworld. While the greater number of patrons are dinner waiters, a sprinkling of other sorts of "has-beens" are attracted there by the festivities, but take good care not to encroach on forbidden pastures.

The following verbatim report of an incident witnessed by me will illustrate the lack of cordiality existing between the different "has-been" professions.

Around one of the tables in Nick's sat four noon waiters. The oldest was not yet forty years of age. Three had been to college—two in this country, the third in Ireland. The fourth was a cashiered officer from Austria. They were at the stage of the third "tub," and were endorsing the present at the expense of their past.

"D'you know what I'd do if I had a million?" inquired the Dublin man, and answered his own question. "Av course, I'd live uptown, and have a house and all that, but every afternoon I'd come down here and blow you fellows and set 'em up for the crowd in general, besides staking every man I know to a piece of money."

"For heaven's sake, get that million," prayed one. "Faith, I would do that," insisted the Trinity man.

"What's wrong with this? We ate,—didn't we? We're going to sleep,—aren't we? We're enjoying ourselves,—and what more does a man want? Av course, some there are that despise us for being waiters, but, as a rule, we always know a whole lot more than those we wait on. Once a gentleman, always a gentleman; tub or no tub; even if one has to be a waiter."

"Dat is wery right," affirmed the ex-lieutenant.

"To be sure it is," laughed the Irishman. "There's a whole lot of professions worse than ours. For instance, look at those fellows sitting at that table next to ours, will you? Coal put-ins! All I got to say is, that when I get to that stage it's the river for mine."

The two coal put-ins were subjected to most ostentatious scrutiny by the four waiters.

"Yep," confirmed one of the Americans, "as long as I got to be on the bum I'd sooner be a noon waiter than anything else. Did I ever give you my latest one? No? Here it is:

"Tips of great men most remind us  
That a waiter's lot is fine;  
And, when leaving, they will find us  
Thus with outstretched hands like mine."

How is it, pretty rotten?" The laughter of his companions was the best evidence to the contrary.

The Irishman was the first to stop laughing. With a most terrifying scowl he glared at the two coal put-ins, who had joined in the general hilarity. His long-distance warning proven ineffective, he rose with dignity and moved to the other table.

"What are you laughing at?" he growled ominously. "Can't we laugh if we feel like it?" asked one of the coal men with brave effrontery. "You don't run or own this place."

"No, but we're gentlemen together, and it is customary among gentlemen to mind their own damned business," the Irishman retorted, with withering scorn, which, however, was absolutely lost on the two callous creatures.

"We're gentlemen as much as you people are," kept up the belligerent coal-heaver.

"Yes, you are,—I don't think," was the Dublin man's sarcastic comment. "You're coal put-ins, that's what you are, and they can't be gentlemen."

"Get out, you bum hasher," flung the coal-heaver after the retreating gentleman. "You ought to go and soak your head."

This armistice provoked a feeling of sullen anticipation. To tide over the embarrassment of the moment, one American asked the other to oblige with a song.



Breaking into tears over a sentimental ballad

Their songs, like their poetry, are home-made—when not hand-made—and the vocalist began a doleful ditty with:

"Here lies the body of Mary Mack,  
A cable car hit her a slap in the back."

The belligerent coal-heaver seemed to have a very sensitive vein of humor. The above two lines were too much for him. His loud guffaw stopped the singer and acted as the lever which changed armistice into bloody warfare. For about one minute the six men were hitting and clawing each other.

A cessation of hostilities occurred with Nick's arrival.

"What's da mat? You craze?" After separating them, the combatants were inspected by Nick, who quickly recognized in the four waiters regular customers.

"What's da mat wid you two fellows?" he asked the two coal men. "You none good; I do no know you; get oud da here; you bigga bum."

And class distinction had triumphed again. A study of the types in this Netherworld Bohemia is very apt to overthrow one's preconceived opinions anent human traits and nature. There is no formula by which to judge or classify these men. Their erratic actions, their unchecked emotions, and their hysterical and frequent displays of peevish temper, all seem to indicate a mental irresponsibility akin to insanity. A few minutes' conversation with any of these male and female outcasts will give abundant proof of the distortion or deficiency of their minds. It is a threadbare and fallacious assertion to ascribe the downfall of these people to the one and only cause of drink. The case of the drunkard is by no means hopeless, but there seems to be little hope for those afflicted with weakness of character or some other mental or moral shortcoming.

And why is it, let me ask you, that of the fifty thousand homeless men who sleep nightly on the Bowery less than one per cent were born in city slums? And why is it that less than seven per cent were born and raised in conditions of poverty? In view of the foregoing the claim seems plausible that the wave of educational progress which is sweeping through the land has weakened home discipline and training, throwing the burden of development in its entirety on to the shoulders of education. Old-fashioned people maintain that many a lad has his head crammed full of some sort of knowledge, which will benefit him little because the formation of his character and principles has been neglected during his studies.

A sojourn in a "tub house" feels like spending one's vacation in a graveyard. It takes but little of the "beer" to turn man-fashioned beings into chattering spectres or babbling clowns of sentiment.

One night I sat near a man so bewhiskered and begrimed that physiognomy could learn nothing from his features. Alone he sat, only breaking his stare into nothing at intervals to lift his "tub" to his lips. A mangy, mongrel pup strayed into the place and, in sniffing around for remnants of "handouts," came to the table of the lonely one. He lifted the cur to his lap, turned his back to the crowd, and while his hand stroked and petted the little animal, regardless of its many sores, he mumbled and purred endearments, sounding strange from his lips. His transport of emotion rose until the tears flowed freely into his bushy beard. At last, outcast man and outcast dog, both maudlinly affectionate, went somewhere out into the night.

Time after time I have watched outcast men and women breaking into veritable paroxysms of tears on hearing some trashily sentimental ballad execrably rendered. A "touching" story or recitation is always sure of damp endorsement by them. And these, like other evident facts, are triumphantly mentioned by some as most convincing proof of the "still inherent good." Others—I among the number—hope it may be true, but, in the meantime, are inclined to accept all these evidences as rather positive indications of dementia.

To be fascinated by the attractions of the Netherworld Bohemia one's mind must be sadly twisted, and that so many "has-beens" can not get away from it, in spite of occasional trying, shows them to be tainted with a weakness of character so far from normal as to be positively abnormal. I know of many cases in corroboration of this.

What will you think of the stamina of a man who will smilingly rise to give triumphantly the glorious "testimony" that he has fallen thirty-two times to be converted again and again? His casual reformations can not be accomplished without the setting of a rescue mission. And the fellow is sincere and quite unmindful of the farcical side of his divine salvation.

A few nights ago a friend and I stood in the basement of the Bowery Mission at one o'clock in the morning. Over one thousand men had waited for hours to get a cup of coffee and a roll. More than one-third of them were known to me.

"How long have you known me?" I asked one gray-haired fellow.

"Oh, about fifteen years."

"Don't you think eighteen or twenty would be nearer right?" And throughout all these years he had looked the same, ragged and filthy. He had been helped when he could no longer help himself. Individuals and missions had repeatedly tried to reestablish this man—once more intelligent than the average—but all in vain.

In the same line were others whom I had known for years, all "down and out," and all helped to their feet time and again.

Here I can not suppress this question: Why is it that in spite of so much effort and so much expenditure so few convincing results can be shown? How can a "reformed" man fall thirty-two times? Something evidently is wrong, but is the fault in the men or in the method?

During the last score of years great changes have been made in the social work in the slums. We are proud of the men, women, and splendid buildings all recently come to us and all dedicated to the betterment of our ignorant kin. In public schools, parochial schools, settlements, educational clubs, and even in kindergartens the spirit of the times has instilled advancement. Masters of Art dwell in every tenement. Only in one line of endeavor progress is absolutely wanting—rescue work among the fallen is at the same primitive degree of inefficiency as twenty and more years ago. An assertion like this always provokes incredulity, so I will qualify it by calling your attention to the fact that I am not writing about Central Africa, but about conditions and things which you can see in your very own city—provided you take the glass offered by unbiased common sense and not the telescope of frenzied fanaticism.

In that region of pain and palsy, that land of never-care, which I know well through my many years within its precincts, there is no greater solace, comfort, friend than the Almighty, and child and grandfather believe in Him. And these people, with everlasting faith in Him, have come to regard some of the rescue work—done in His name—as blasphemy and hollow mockery.

The cut-and-dried methods of rescue work have outlasted their usefulness. The same God, the same gospel, the same hymns are needed as before, but more in addition and in response to increasing requirements. To combat the mental distraction of the "has-beens," their straying away from codes and ways of respectability, their fluctuating definitions of "mine" and "thine," their moral deterioration, more than song and sermon is needed. Besides being trained in speaking and singing, rescue workers should know some-



He will slander his past



thing about sociology and the causes and symptoms of social degeneracy. Less self-adulation and more diligent work in the open is wanted. There is daily proof that God loves and blesses a righteous hustler. A reorganization of rescue missions and methods would very likely cut down conversion statistics, and most rescue mission leaders are firm believers in that "by their fruits ye shall know them." But with the introduction of saner ways of rescuing, the curtailed statistics of conversion would be far more permanent and would exclude such items as "converted thirty-two times."

By all this I do not mean to imply that missions and others should let up in their warfare against the drink of the slums. Such drink as is sold in the dives is just the thing needful to put the finishing touch to an already wrecked human being. Unadulterated drink alone is enough to throw out of gear a man whose mental balance is disturbed by some tragedy. What then will the lethe of the dive do to the man whose poor mental equipment has been unable to withstand some crisis?

The patrons of Nick's in Bayard Street are so regular that the dive is practically a club, and every strange face is closely scanned.

One afternoon I was sitting alone at one of the tables waiting for some cronies, when a crippled fellow, evidently a stranger, came and took a chair beside me. After mutual scrutiny, we passed the time of day and fell into fitful conversation. He had only recently come to the city, but had been so fortunate as to fall into a vacancy as janitor's helper, which had been made by the migratory spirit of a "has-been," who had vacated to follow up his traveling. The pay was forty cents and two meals per day. Deducting ten cents for his lodging, my friend had still thirty cents a day left for "tubs." That something was weighing heavily on his mind was evident in his manner, and I felt intuitively that I eventually would be made his confidant.

He came every day after his first visit, and about a week later told me his story. A temporary predicament proved to be the justification. He had sampled many "tubs" and was in rather mellow mood when I arrived. Erelong our cash capital was down to ten cents. When that was spent my friend started to moralize.

"Gee, ain't it fierce to be up against a game like this? It's only a couple o' years ago when if anybody would have told me then that I'd ever be willing to sell my soul for a 'tub' of that stuff—I'd knocked him down, I would." He stopped to subject me to a searching stare. "You're sure you ain't got another dime or nickel about you?"

"Quite sure."

"Holy smokes, what am I going to do from now until bedtime without another 'tub'?" he wailed. "I wonder if Nick'll hang me up for one?"

Dragging his lame leg, he shuffled to the bar. "Nick, let me have a 'tub' until to-morrow," he pleaded. "I'll have forty cents to-morrow and I'll pay you all right. Honest to God I will."

For answer Nick merely pointed at the sign which hung over the bar:

"WE TRUST — TO-MORROW"

"Why don't somebody kill me?" my friend resumed when seated again. "Say, d'you believe it?—I'd sell my soul right now for another 'tub.' And, hell, to get down to this all on account of—"

"On account of what?" I prompted, knowing myself to be on the threshold of the story.

"What else but a woman!" he grunted.

My glance ran over the besotted thing. Crippled, ill-favored, repulsive, what sort of romance could have had this beast for its hero!

"You'd better tell me your story," I hinted. "Perhaps some friend might drop in in the meantime and treat us, and, besides, it'll bridge over the hours until bedtime."

"Tain't much of a story. There's lots o' men got it the same as me," he preambled. "I used to work in



"Now, don't you know me?"

a machine shop up home until one day my leg got caught in the belt and slammed me back just the way I am now. I first was going to sue the company, but the super jollied me along and compromised by giving me a job as night-watchman. Well, that was all right for a while until the wife began to kick about the difference in the money I used to get and was getting. It got so bad that, in the wind-up, we got a fellow from the shop to board with us so's to make up the difference."

He carried the empty "tub" to his lips and drained and fairly licked the last vestige of the stuff it once contained.

"Well," I again gave the cue.

"Well," he continued, "with the leg gone on the bum I caught rheumatism, and one night it had me worse than ever, just after me going to work for the night. The super seen it, sent me home, and put another man in my place. When I got home—you can imagine the rest, can't you?"

For just a short space of time he seemed a man.

Satisfied that my deduction was right, I wanted to hurry the close of the story.

"But what are you doing here?"

"I'm laying for him. It took me a long time. I had the rheumatiz and he got away. But I know he's in this town and comes here, and when I get him,—when I get him—!" His fist came down and made the glasses jangle.

"What would you do?"

"What would I do? What wouldn't I do? D'you think men can forgive such things? Look at me! That's what that hound made me. What'll I do to

him? I'll kill him, kill him slowly, torture him, so's he'll suffer as I did."

There was nothing to say, and we sat in silence, he brooding, I waiting, not knowing for what, yet feeling instinctively that the story was not yet finished.

The entrance of the other actor in this tragedy happened with somewhat melodramatic promptness; still, as I recognized in him one of the "regulars," I was not unduly surprised.

The noise of the closing door brought my ex-watchman from his brooding.

"Gee, ain't there no way of getting another 'tub'?" he whined piteously. "I couldn't get a nickel for all the clothes on my back or else I'd sell them. By heavens, I'll try Nick again."

Again he lurched to the bar and, standing only a step from the boarder, he poured another tale of woe into Nick's deaf ear.

"This is my last time in this joint," he declared fervently on his return, not believing his own words.

The ex-boarder had heard the plea at the bar, and now, "tub" in hand, came to our table. I foreboded the nearness of the impending clash and placed myself between the two to postpone it—if not able to prevent it.

"What's the matter, pal?" queried the stranger.

My friend looked up.

"What's the matter? I'm broke, that's the matter. How are you—say, friend, I'd sell my soul for a 'tub' just now, honest I would," he declared, and then saw the other's full glass. "Say, for Heaven's sake, give me at least a swig out o' yours."

"Get out! That ain't necessary," laughed the other, pulling a handful of change from his pocket. "I got a few pennies, and we'll all have a drink."

When the drinks were brought I felt that the other's bravado would accelerate events. I was not mistaken.

"Hey, don't you know me?" began the ex-boarder after our first health had been drunk.

I fairly smelled murder. My hand stole to my friend's arm to hold him back at the crucial moment. But he had not even heard the question, being completely charmed by the dancing nickels and dimes in the stranger's hand.

"Don't you know me no more?" the other asked again, still jingling his dancing coin.

"Well, I tell you," the ex-watchman replied at last, with the transparent politeness of the "has-been," "I seen you somewheres before, but I can't place you—"

"Oh, cut that out," grinned the stranger, and caused me to get a stronger grip on the husband's arm.

The ex-boarder rose in his chair, and, keeping the money dancing and jingling, leaned over the table until his face was within an inch of the other's.

"Now, don't you know me?"

The muscles held by my hand swelled unto bursting. But I was prepared and threw myself upon the injured husband.

"You—you—! I got you at last!" he howled; but, slowly, I felt his muscles grow flabby; I looked at him and saw his eyes fastened on the dancing dimes and nickels. Still, he whispered, just whispered: "I ought to kill you; I ought to kill you."

Then I knew all danger was past and that there was no need of further restraint. My hand released his arm. The nocturne was changed into an idyl.

At the door I looked back and saw the two clinking glasses. I had enough of the Bohemia of the Netherworld and said adieu to it.

## THE POWER WAGON

SECOND PAPER: ON COMMERCIAL AUTOMOBILES FOR COMMON SERVICE

By JAMES E. HOMANS

IT IS needless to enlarge upon the numerous advantages involved in the use of the automobile for commercial purposes, since its economy, durability, even efficiency, depend very largely upon the man at the wheel. It is difficult to obtain perfectly competent drivers for commercial vehicles. As soon as a man has thoroughly mastered the intricacies of the machine and its management, he will "graduate," as an extensive user of commercial automobiles expresses it. He considers himself above the duties of a cart man, and will be content with nothing less than driving a touring car. Very many of the extensive users of power wagons prefer to have chauffeurs who are sufficiently well trained merely to drive the wagons, being directed to report at once any disablement or breakdown on the road, and under no circumstances to attempt repairing even the simplest mishap.

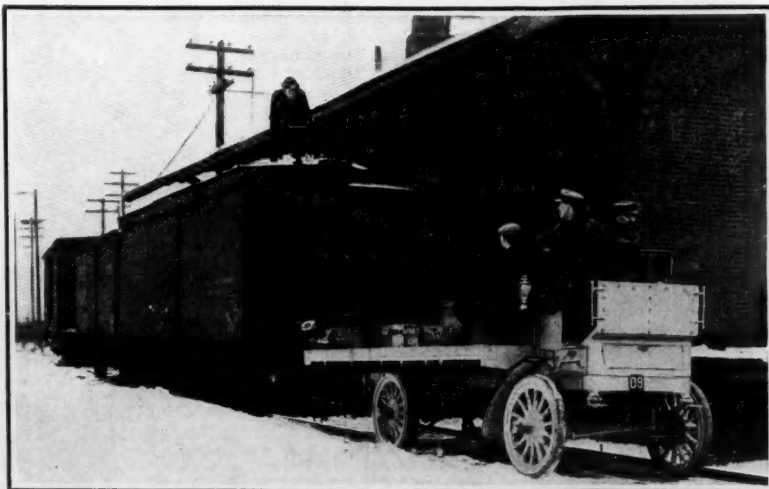
The largest users of power wagons have adopted the plan of keeping regular classified accounts for each wagon, including such items as labor in driving, labor in repairs, time consumed in waits, time consumed in performance of duty, the number of trips per day, with mileage and tons weight carried, consumption of gasoline and oil, both in dollars and cents and in pints and gallons. All these items entered in the ledger give the total cost of maintaining each wagon. While this operation involves considerable labor in separately entering up all the multitudinous charges necessarily involved in the care and operation of an automobile, it pays in the end, as enabling the owner to maintain a constant watch on the performance of the wagon, provide for the very best results in

operation, and secure the highest return on his investment. Since the commercial automobile is, as the term indicates, a purely business proposition, the first point in which it must demonstrate its superiority to horse traction is in the lower cost of performing given tasks; be they miles covered per hour or tons weight

hauled. In comparing the expenses involved in maintaining one motor wagon, as compared with one horse wagon of similar drafting capacity, the superior economy is not apparent. Thus, according to the figures furnished by the Chicago Public Library, where account of expenses is figured down to the minutest item, the cost of a single gasoline wagon of one ton capacity averages between \$130 and \$135 per month. As against this showing, the horse wagons formerly employed in the same

service averaged \$115 per month. In both cases repairs and drivers' wages are included. This might seem on the face to indicate the inferiority of the motor wagon in point of economy. The truth is, however, that four automobiles easily do the work formerly requiring seven horse wagons and twenty-one horses. The total monthly expenditure then is a maximum of \$540 for the automobiles as against \$805 for the horses, representing a saving of \$265 monthly, or \$3,180 annually. Furthermore, in a day of eight hours one motor wagon can cover the distance of eighty miles at ten miles an hour, while the horse wagon could do no better than thirty-two miles at four miles an hour; the superior efficiency amounting to one hundred and fifty per cent for both speed and mileage.

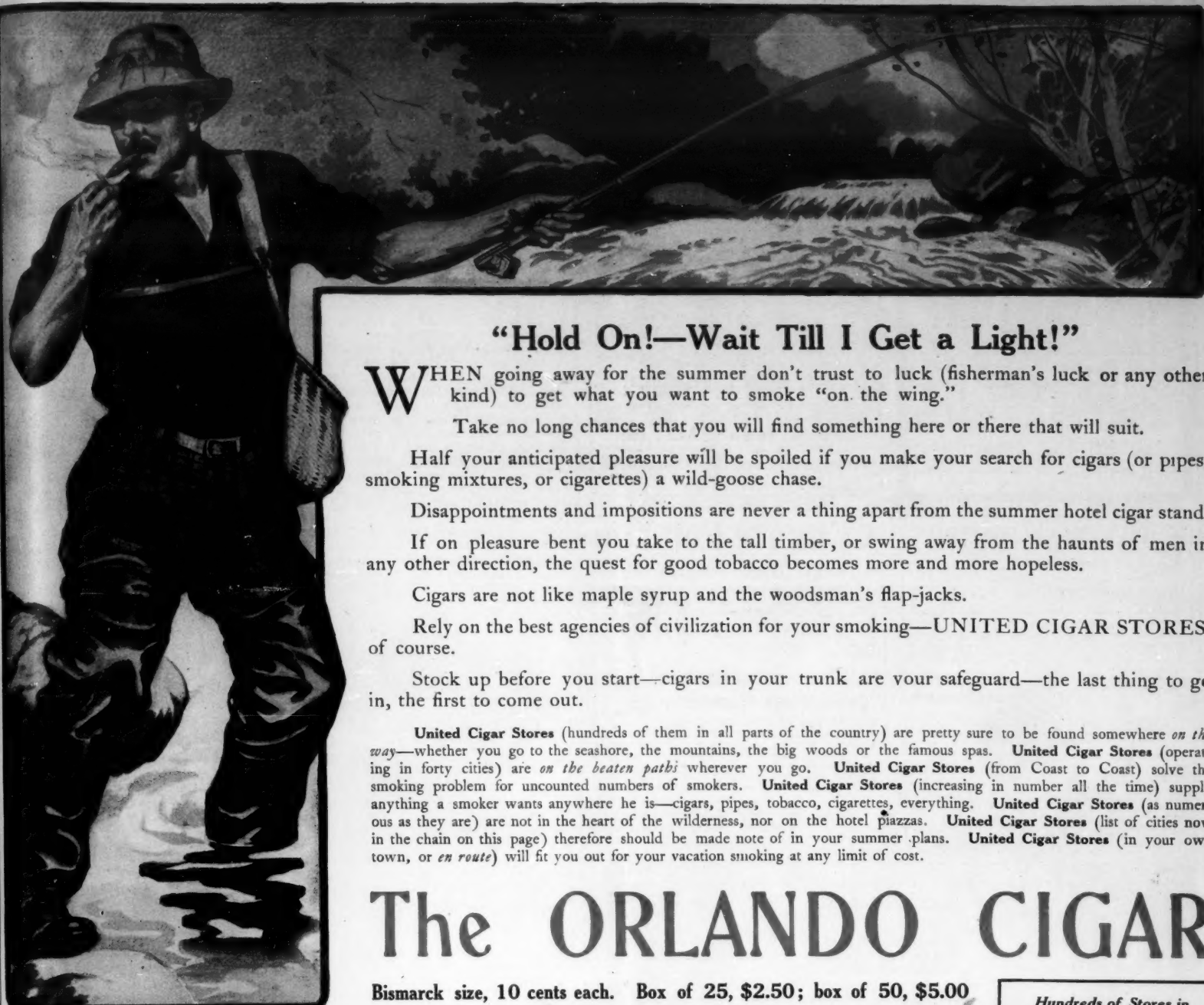
One remarkable record has been furnished by a leading retail merchant of a New England city. He reports that a Cadillac light delivery wagon in his service covered 6,000 miles in 20 weeks, actual running time 980 hours, consuming 508 gallons of gasoline, 20 gallons of lubricating oil, at a total expense for upkeep and repairs of \$190. This figure, according to his claims, represents a saving of



THE POWER OF A POWER WAGON

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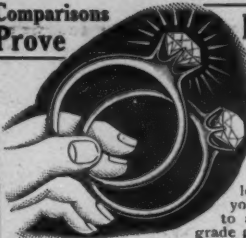
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## THE POWER WAGON

(Continued from page 20)

\$568 over the horse wagons formerly required for the same service. If such figures are accurate they indicate how revolutionary is the power wagon.

As a general proposition a motor vehicle should have a working capacity between two and three times that of a horse wagon of its own class. According to the claims of manufacturers and users the average is nearer three than two.

Commercial vehicles, like other forms of automobile, are propelled by electric motors or by steam or hydrocarbon engines. As with the pleasure vehicle, steam is largely in disfavor at the present time, being used not at all, in fact, except on the heaviest class of trucks. For light and medium weight freighting and delivery work, electric and gasoline wagons are nearly equal in point of number. The electric is the most suitable for local work, such as city delivery, etc., on account of the simplicity of its driving apparatus, which permits the employment of unskilled drivers. It is largely unsuitable for long-distance work or for any run above the average of twenty-five or thirty miles, on account of the necessity of periodically recharging the batteries. The gasoline wagons are, of course, capable of long-distance runs, and, according to the statements of numerous users, are equally suitable for local express and deliveries. Their only drawback is the complexity of their mechanism and the imperative demand for skilled drivers.

To the present date commercial automobiles have been most extensively used in local and short-distance work, particularly for city and suburban deliveries, and in the heavier forms for local trucking. While numerous tests have demonstrated the ability of well-constructed wagons to render efficient service in long-distance work, the matter is still in the experimental state.

Briefly expressed, the fundamental difference between highway and railroad locomotion is the absence of any constant operative condition. The railway locomotive, although employed for drawing loads of all weights at any speeds found suitable in given conditions, travels upon a track of steel rails whose physical conditions are constant. The road motor, on the other hand, must not only carry loads varying from greatest to smallest weight, but also travel over every kind of road surface from an asphalt or wood-block street to a mud or deep-sand trail. This sort of thing inevitably complicates the designer's work, since he must be able to devise some means for accomplishing the ends of easy riding, such as will carry merchandise without injury, and good tractive qualities to suit ever-varying conditions. Experience warrants the statement that both the riding and tractive

qualities of a motor wagon are best under heavy load, even on poor roads and in snow. The problem, therefore, is largely the demand for some form of compensating devices that will prevent injurious vibrations while running under light loads or on heavy roads.

In the first place, the end of superior traction will inevitably involve that the heaviest load be placed directly upon the driving wheels. Some authorities go so far as to suggest that either the engine and transmission of a gasoline vehicle should be restored to their original position over the rear axle, or else that the drive should be on the front wheels. It is probable, however, that the question



A GOOD LOAD ON A BAD ROAD

This heavily loaded truck can turn and back, without impeding traffic

of proper load distribution and motor position will prove less imperative than considerations relating to the design of springs, tires, and road wheels.

Motor vehicle springs should combine the apparently contradictory qualities of strength and sensitiveness, probably by the use of auxiliary or accessory springs, as they are called, which consist familiarly in semi-elliptic or spiral springs arranged to kick in at a given point of depression of the main spring, thus taking the overload and absorbing extra vibration. One of the best forms of such springs is that used on the Pontiac wagon, and consisting of a semi-elliptic bolted below the body of the wagon so that its two ends, extending transversely, strike upon plates clipped to the centres of side springs above the axle. A depression of an inch or more in the side springs causes the extremities of the transverse spring to make contact with these plates, thus relieving the strain on them and giving additional strength. Devices like the familiar spring suspensions, now advertised in several forms, are also useful principally in restraining sudden up-jolts of the springs as they regain their shape after passing over rough spots in the road.

Both accessory springs and suspensions are further useful in prolonging the life of rubber tires. Their efficiency in this respect has been specially commended by Michelin and other tire authorities. It may indicate that devices for compensating and restraining the vibrations of springs actually enable them to discharge most of the functions now delegated to rubber tires. It certainly suggests that the troublesome pneumatic may be eventually abandoned.

Pneumatic tires are undoubtedly useful on very high speed vehicles. They possess the desirable property of deforming and re-forming rapidly, thus eliminating obstacles otherwise annoying. At low speed—below twenty miles an hour—they are inferior to solid rubber tires in tractive qualities, and are then probably only a makeshift compromise with inefficient springs. With adequate springs pneumatics rather complicate than simplify the problem of good traction and power economy. These facts have been demonstrated by repeated tests. For example, a Lansden electric wagon, running over a smooth, hard macadam road, first on 4½-inch pneumatics, second on 3-inch solids, showed the following figures for power expenditure per half-ton-mile: At 10 miles, 32 watts on solid tires and 43½ watts on pneumatics; at 12 miles, 33 watts on solids and 44½ watts on pneumatics; at 15 miles, 36½ and 48 watts, respectively; at 20 miles, 48 and 57½ watts; at 25 miles, 63 and 68 watts; at 30 miles, 79 and 83 watts; at 35 miles, 89½ and 93 watts. Although the efficiency of pneumatics rises rapidly above the twenty-mile rate, their inferiority for utility vehicles, and others, running at eighteen miles and under, is completely demonstrated.



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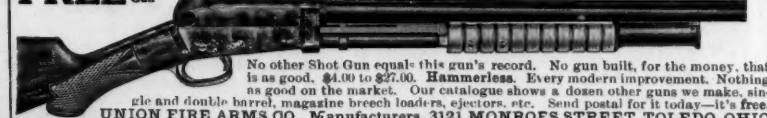


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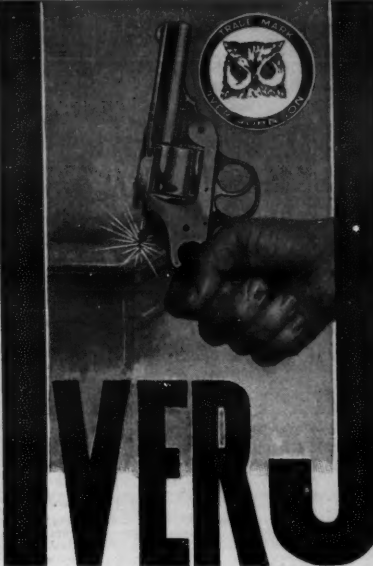
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## THE GOOD NAME OF A CITY

(Continued from page 13)

they used to waylay and read the letters which passed between those spies and the Italian Ambassador.

However, whether Bresci did or did not spend any time in Paterson is wholly a question of academic accuracy; he might just as well have lived in any other city. No plot was formed in Paterson; Bresci was not "sent" from Paterson; he received from Paterson no impulse, except such as may have been inspired by reading Paterson's Anarchist paper. The existence of this paper, and the violence of its doctrines, is the only outward evidence of Anarchy in Paterson to-day; and whether Paterson would be justified in taking any official notice of the paper is extremely doubtful.

The really significant things about Paterson are its eighty churches, its splendid city hall with Philip Martiny's frock-coated statue of Garret Hobart holding in his hand the gavel of the presiding officer of the Senate of the United States; its really magnificent library—gift of no alien Scotchman, but endowed by local philanthropy; and the fact that it is unique among cities for the broad and kindly spirit of charity and philanthropy which finds expression in private gifts to public institutions. But Paterson shares with other cities and other individuals, and with the cause of ethics generally, the misfortune that in the present state of human nature good newspaper headlines are not made out of such sentences as "Paterson Spends \$450,000 a Year on Public Schools," or "Paterson Has Two Hospitals, Six Orphan Asylums, a Day Nursery, and Homes for the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A., Founded and Supported by the Largess of Local Philanthropists."

Paterson is a law-abiding, proud, and generous city. When Paterson was damaged by fire to the extent of ten million dollars, before the smoke had cleared away she had courteously refused the offers of aid that poured in from outside, an example of sturdy pride and self-reliance which must command respect. Paterson has had many and real misfortunes; fire, flood, and tornado visited it within two years. COLLIER'S wishes earnestly not to be associated with Paterson's calamities; it prefers infinitely the rôle of setting forth the city's goodness and greatness, and correcting the thoughtless habit among newspaper writers and gossipers of associating Paterson with the less pleasing items of the day's news.

## THE WILD LAND CRAZE

By ROBERT G. MACKAY

IOWA farmers were rich, contented, happy—blessed with abundant crops, their granaries bursting with corn and wheat, and they had cattle and sheep upon a thousand hills. They had money out at interest and stored in banks and safety vaults, waiting a chance for profitable investment. They were the happiest, most contented people to be found in our broad domain.

It was then the tempter came and spread out before these simple thrifty farmers the alluring bait of cheap lands and large profits. Idle money at home grows restless—congested money breaks its bounds periodically. Where it will drift, no man can tell—it may be real estate, the Klondike, Wall Street stocks. Let it once break its bounds, it spreads out in a reckless fashion, uncontrolled by argument or men's past experience. The Iowa newspapers were paid well for advertising the land schemes, and circulars were mailed to the chief towns to whet the appetite, with the desired result that the farmer became land hungry, the banker became land hungry. Master minds were among the land promoters, and the banker once in the toils, the great body of the prosperous farmers would be an easy prey.

Iowa lands had been purchased, years before, for a mere song, and the farmers knew how rapidly their lands advanced in price; crop was added to crop till men suddenly found themselves rich. Is it any wonder that cheap lands were an alluring bait to men with such an experience behind them? "Cheap lands," "wild lands," was the cry; and the land sharks had a supply of millions of acres of very cheap lands, very wild lands. All the way from Wisconsin to Far Western Canada, large bodies of land were extolled in dulcet tones that charmed the listeners and won the attention of the Iowa people. It was as music to the ears of the easy speculators that were in evidence all over Iowa. The price of land ranged all the way from seventy-five cents to ten dollars per acre, but these lands were not the rich acres of loam that gave fame and riches to Iowa. Men did not stop to investigate; it was not intended that should. Time was limited; the flood was carrying people on to the rainbow land of the country, later on known as "get-rich-quick" land. It was a harvest for the lumber barons of Wisconsin and Michigan. Cut-over stumps were as last to be hoisted on an unsuspecting people; and vast tracts of swamp lands for years the paradise of the noisy frog and sandhill crane, were now to be sold to the syndicates and retailed by them at enormous profits to the small dealers. The scheme was a long time hatching; it was now ripe. The railroads were carrying thousands into Wisconsin, Dakota, and the Canadian Northwest; trains were crowded to their utmost capacity—such was the curtain raised to a drama and tragedy that, in its last act, brought sorrow and death to many happy homes in Iowa.

Since the days of the Klondike in '97, no stampede has surpassed the mad rush of these land-hungry men. The day of awakening came, which was more rapid and deadly in its work of demoralization than the building of a boom. The former works slowly into confidence, the latter drops as with a paralytic stroke that causes stupefaction bordering on insanity. The wild lands that had been sold on easy payment paper with straw men on the notes, the mortgages and the agreements—these were in turn sold to the banks. Here was a non-producing asset on almost worthless lands. The true character of these lands was practically unknown to the bankers; speculation was running at such a pace that the bankers showed about as little judgment as the mass of the people.

I was never in a boom yet that banks were not more or less involved and frequently the heaviest losers. Farms that never carried a mortgage before, in all the years past, were mortgaged by Iowa farmers in order to get into the chase after wild lands. It's hard to write this of the staid, conservative farming class, but it's true. The day of reckoning came, and it was a cruel awakening, carrying with it the lesson that the slow, conservative course of building a fortune is the winner. The bank paper was due, and who was to meet it? In most cases the men had vanished and the land was worthless. The banks, one after another, began to close their doors. The final climax was that forty banks failed in Iowa in one year with liabilities of \$12,000,000 and no less than eight bank officials committed suicide—a record never before reached in Iowa. I do not claim that all this loss of life and money was chargeable to the mad speculation in wild lands—speculation in stocks added to the disaster—but the chief cause was the wild land craze. Iowa has rich and boundless recuperative powers, and in a few years she will make good her losses, and the severe lessons her people have learned will not have been in vain.

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### Situation III

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### Situation IV

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# EDITORIAL BULLETIN

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY SEVENTH

## Quacks and Quackery

FROM the patent medicine fakir to the quack doctor is the shortest of steps. Indeed, the provinces of the two dovetail and overlap to an extent that often renders distinction between them difficult. They are the allied forces of the Great American Fraud. So Mr. Samuel Hopkins Adams's patent medicine investigations naturally opened up to him the other happy hunting ground of the Fool Killer, and his supplementary series, "Quacks and Quackery," which was announced some months ago, begins next week.

WHAT is a quack? Answers the medical profession: "Any physician or pretended physician who advertises to the public." But the fault lies, not in the practise of advertising, as such, but in the dishonest methods of medical advertising. There is logically no more reason why a physician should refrain from announcing himself in print, under penalty of lasting stigma, than why a minister of the gospel should. It is not the announcement, but the fraud in the announcement, that constitutes the quack. Suppose our advertising clergyman (and most churches advertise) burst into print to this effect:

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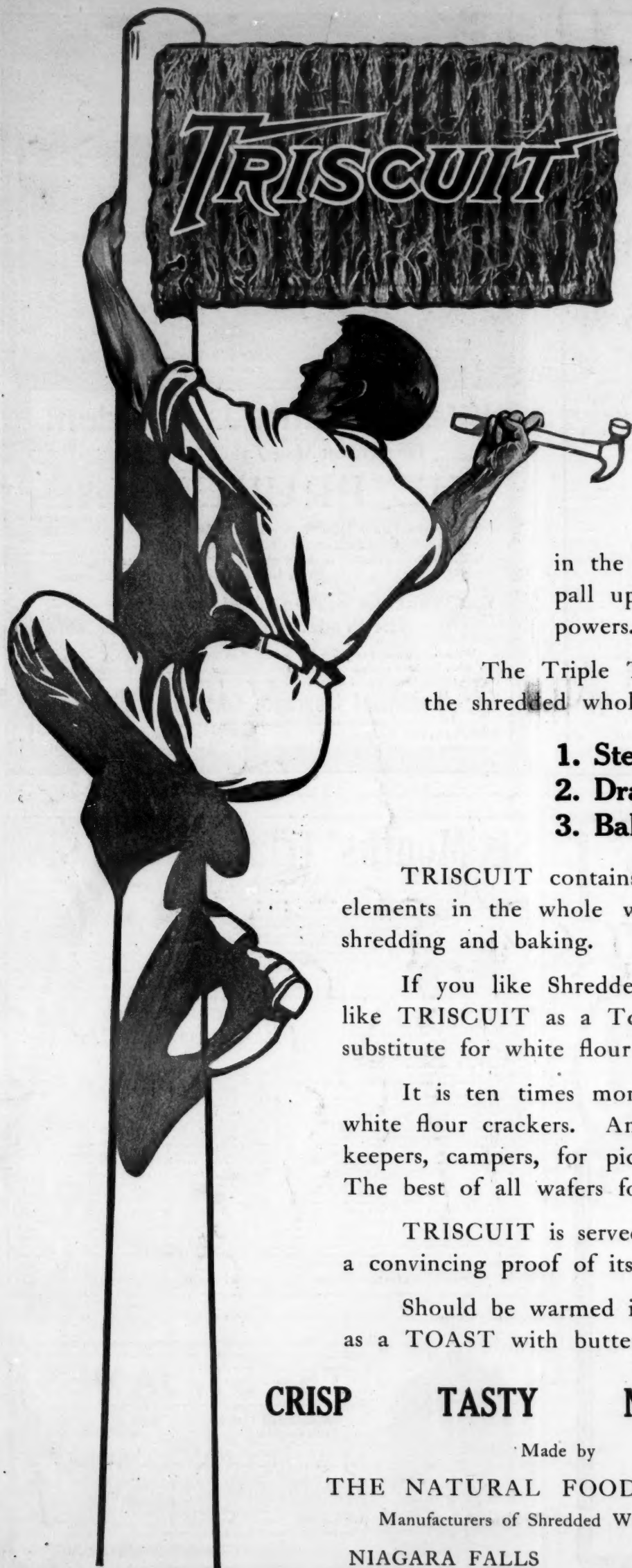
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